

# ILLUSTRATED TIMES

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

THE RIGHT OF TRANSLATION AND REPRODUCING ILLUSTRATIONS IS RESERVED.

No. 809.—VOL. XVII.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1870.

PRICE 3D.—STAMPED, 4D.

## MEDIATION AND INTERVENTION.

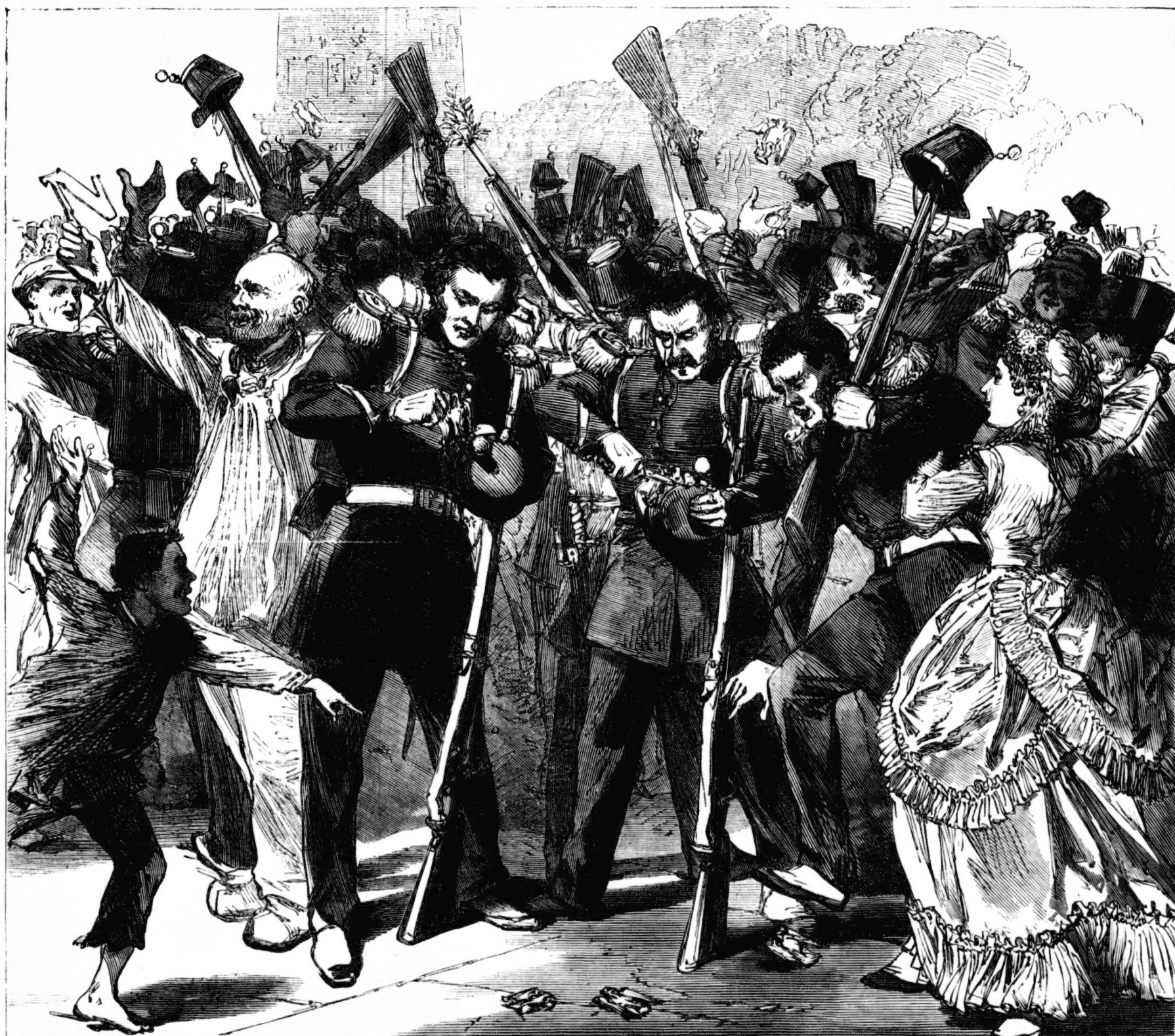
"BLESSED are the peacemakers!" and, as we said a week or two ago, we earnestly wish that some one or more among the neutral Powers could earn for itself or themselves that honourable title. We expressed our weariness of the war and our longings for peace before almost anyone else had spoken or written a word on the subject; and when, moreover, France and her partisans were still proud of stomach, and talked big about the chastisement she was going to inflict upon her adversary. We shall not, therefore, be suspected of any desire to throw cold water on the peacemakers' efforts if we say that, while our wishes are as strong as ever, our hopes of an immediate pacification are still but slender; and for this simple reason, that it does not seem to us that a genuine peace spirit has yet been developed.

France—and particularly Paris—now desires peace, not because she feels that she has been to blame, and is anxious

to make amends for her error, but because she knows herself worsted in the game, and is eager to escape from the consequences and penalties of wrong-doing. She forgets her own evil designs in the past, and only thinks of her sufferings in the present. Perhaps, in her secret thoughts, she nourishes hopes and projects of revenge in the future. At least, if she does not, her orators, and journalists, and advocates sadly belie her. A little while ago the cry was "No peace while a foreigner remains in hostile guise on the sacred soil of France." Now the word is, "No surrender of territory—no giving up of fortresses." In all this we see no genuine indication of sorrow for having provoked the war, or any desire to afford guarantees against its recurrence at some future, and, as it may be thought, more suitable opportunity. In fact, nothing but a selfish desire to escape from present suffering and embarrassment. This, although it may be a human enough way of feeling, as human nature

goes, is not, we think, the proper spirit in which a causer of strife should approach, directly or indirectly, the party to whom the provocation was offered, on whom an injury was intended to be inflicted, who has repelled the aggression, and to a large degree has the would-be aggressor at his mercy. And therefore it is that we are reluctantly compelled to postpone for a while longer all hope of seeing our wishes for peace realised. We are sure that if France makes real overtures for peace through our Government, and offers practical terms—terms such as Germany in existing circumstances can accord—those overtures will have all the support Lord Granville can give them. But we have no evidence as yet that France really understands her position, is conscious of her responsibilities in connection with this war, or fully appreciates either her own weakness or Germany's strength.

Besides, it strikes us that there is a great deal of loose talk being indulged in, and a great deal of confusion



THE REVOLUTION IN PARIS: SOLDIERS TEARING THE EAGLE FROM THEIR SHAKOS.



of thought prevalent, as to how a pacification is to be brought about. Some people seem to have very odd notions concerning the means to be employed in order to secure a reconciliation between the contending nations. They appear to fancy that the best way of making peace is to engage in war, that the most effective means of stopping a quarrel is to extend its area. Hence they talk of intervention, when they either mean mediation or the employment of force to stay the action of force. They do not seem to have very distinct notions of the difference of signification between these two terms—mediation and intervention. Mediation means the employment by third parties of their good offices between two combatants; but such employment of good offices, not to do harm instead of good, must, first, be really desired; and, second, must have a probability of success. If a contest be so equally balanced that both sides may have doubts as to the ultimate result, both may be willing to accept the mediation of friends. That is clearly not the case of France and Germany at present. Again, if one combatant be so thoroughly worsted that final triumph for him is hopeless, he may be content to accept the situation, to invoke the good offices of bystanders, and to submit to such conditions as may be imposed upon him. That, in the opinion of Germans, is very much the case of France now; but, then, France does not think so. King William and his counsellors believe themselves in a position to dictate terms to their opponent; they believe they have France so beaten, or so nearly beaten, that she has no choice but to accept peace on whatever terms they choose to impose; while France conceives that she still possess power to resist, if not successfully, at all events for a time. In such circumstances are the efforts of mediators likely to be sincerely desired by either or both sides? and, if offered, are they likely to be successful? and, if not likely to prove efficacious, are they not sure to do harm rather than good? Even if the position of the contending parties be unaffected, unsuccessful mediators must suffer in prestige, influence, and usefulness.

So much as regards mediation, or the employment of good offices by mutual friends to stay the existing quarrel. Intervention is a totally different affair, and must be resorted to with even far greater caution. Intervention does not merely signify giving advice; it means prescribing terms and enforcing them. Were Great Britain, or Russia, or Austria, or all three combined, to intervene in this quarrel, they must do so in some such terms as these:—"We call upon you two—Germany and France—to discontinue fighting, and to make peace with each other on the conditions we think suitable; and if you do not, we will join in the contest, and compel you." But there are several difficulties in the way of carrying out this programme. In the first place, supposing that neither France nor Germany will agree to the conditions proposed—a thing not at all impossible of occurrence—upon whom are the intervening Powers to use compulsion—upon one, if each be equally recalcitrant, which would be manifestly unjust; or upon both, which would be much more likely to extend and prolong than to circumscribe and close the war? Then, again, should the one belligerent accept, and the other refuse, the conditions prescribed—or, to put the matter more definitely, should France submit to the dictation of whilom neutral but now intervening Powers—what right have those Powers to appraise the value of Germany's successes, to prescribe the use she shall make of her conquests, and to rob her of the fruits of her dearly-won victories?—to the gaining of which said interveners have contributed nothing. And, finally, would not the Powers so intervening be all but certain to engender a sense of wrong, and to lay up stores of hatred for themselves—hatred, not from one belligerent only, but from both? A peace so patched up, or so compelled, could not possibly be enduring, because it could not possibly be based on goodwill, but must of necessity bear within it the seeds of future troubles. Better for all parties—for the victor, for neutrals, yea, even for the vanquished—that the quarrel should be fought out, than that a hollow peace should be made—a peace that could only be temporary because carrying with it a sense of injustice on one side or on both. Mediation, then, may be of use when the proper time arrives for mediating—we wish heartily we could believe that the proper time had arrived; while intervention can work nothing but mischief. For all these reasons, it seems to us highly desirable that the neutral Powers should well weigh the possible and probable consequence of their action ere they meddle in other people's affairs; and above all it is desirable that persons who talk of interfering in this mighty contest should have a distinct conception of what they mean—that they should not confound mediation with intervention, the giving of friendly counsel with the employment of force.

It is worthy of note, by-the-way, that those persons among ourselves, and especially a section of the London press, that are loudest in their demands for interference now, are exactly those who said nothing about interference at the commencement of the quarrel—nay, who then deprecated any kind of interference whatever. Our friends the Conservatives took the side of France from the beginning; they pooh-pooh'd mediation, and denounced intervention, before blood was shed, and when everybody in this country thought France would win—in the first instance, at all events, whatever might be the result in the end. Why did they pursue that course then, when mediation or intervention might have obviated war? Was it because they wished their friend the ex-Emperor to be left free to rob Germany of territory, as he and his people proclaimed their intention to do? Or did they merely practise mean party tactics, in

the hope of embarrassing a Liberal and peace-loving Cabinet? And why do they now call for intervention—not simply mediation—with so much vehemence? Is it because they wish to screen France—though at the expense of their own country, by involving her in war—from the consequences of the wrong they partly incited her to commit? Or is it again for a mean party purpose—the hope of discrediting the Liberal Government, by inducing them to undertake a hopeless mediation or a still more disastrous intervention? Is their reasoning, as regards home party action, after this fashion?—"If the Government yield to our clamour—if they mediate between the belligerents, and fail, as they are likely to do, we can taunt them with their failure, and again hurl the 'meddle and muddle' cry at their heads. If they intervene, and so involve the country in a needless war, we can denounce their blundering, their lack of statesmanship, and their recklessness of the national welfare. Anyhow, the Liberals will be discredited in public opinion, and our party will be gainers thereby." Whether any or all of these motives actuate the Conservative press, we say that its clamour for intervention by Great Britain is neither worthy nor patriotic; and that some such motives must prompt Tory newspapers to demand intervention when their conductors must know that such a course cannot possibly subserve the interests of Great Britain, if it can serve any one's interest at all—except that of the Tory party. Moreover, these Tory journalists must be talking in ignorance, and therefore talking foolishly. It is not likely that Lord Granville would take them into his confidence; consequently, they cannot know whether he be acting or not; and yet they denounce his inaction! Just fancy! English politicians seeking to make paltry party capital out of the agony of a great nation like France, and professing to be her friends all the while! Out upon such stupidity, pharisaism—or worse!

#### INCIDENTS OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

WE last week published full particulars of the Revolution of Sept. 4 in Paris, and we now place before our readers Engravings illustrative of some incidents that occurred in the course of that great event.

By the time the Republic had been declared at the Hôtel de Ville, scarcely a soldier was to be seen with the eagle on his shako. How the repudiation of the Napoleonic "bird of victory" came about was this:—While the crowds in the street were shouting for the *déchéance* of the Emperor and the proclamation of the Republic, a man in a blouse went up to a soldier who was quietly looking on, and, pointing to the eagle on his shako, asked him if he was not ashamed to wear the badge of the tyrant; whereupon the soldier instantly tore off the hated emblem, dashed it to the ground, and trod upon it. The example was instantaneously followed. "Off with the eagles!" was shouted everywhere, and everywhere the caps of the military, of all grades and all branches of the service, were in a moment denuded of their eagles, which were scattered in the mud and spurned beneath the heels of the mob. By the time the "Committee for National Defence" had been nominated at the Hôtel de Ville, not an eagle was to be seen. The portraits of the Emperor and Empress and the Imperial arms displayed over shops and other establishments were treated in like manner and subjected to like indignity.

A correspondent, writing on Sunday evening, Sept. 4, and describing the scenes which Paris had that day witnessed, says:—"Crossing over the Pont de Solferino to the Quai d'Orsay, I witnessed an extraordinary sight indeed. From the windows of those great barracks formerly peopled with troops, every man of whom was supposed to be ready to die for his Emperor, I saw soldiers smiling, waving handkerchiefs, and responding to the cries of 'Vive la République!' raised by gendarmes, cavalry, soldiers of the Line, National Guards, and some people below. Well-dressed ladies in open carriages shook hands with private soldiers and men in blouses, all crying 'Vive la République!' Nay, strangers fell on each other's necks and kissed each other with effusion." In the neighbourhood of the Pont Neuf I saw people on the tops of ladders busily pulling down the Emperor's bust, which the late loyalty of the people induced them to stick about in all possible and impossible places. I saw the busts carried in mock procession to the parapet of the Pont Neuf and thrown into the Seine, clapping of hands and hearty laughter greeting the splash which the graven image of the mighty monarch made in the water. I went as far as the Hôtel de Ville, and found it in possession of his Majesty the Sovereign People. Blouses were in every one of M. Haussmann's balconies. How they got there I do not know. I presume that M. Chevreau did not invite them; but they got in somehow without violence. The great square immediately in front of the Hôtel de Ville was full of the National Guards, most of them without uniform. They carried the butts of their muskets in the air, in token that they were fraternising with the people. The most perfect good humour prevailed. Portraits of the Emperor and Empress, which many of your readers must have seen in the Hôtel de Ville ball-rooms, were thrown out of the window, and the people trod and danced upon the canvas. At the hotel placards announced that Count de Kératy was Prefect of Police, and M. E. Arago Mayor of Paris. On leaving the Hôtel de Ville I saw in the Avenue Victoria M. Henri Rochefort let out of prison, as a logical consequence of events, but half an hour before. He was on a triumphal car, and wore a scarlet scarf. He was escorted by an immense mob, crying 'Vive Rochefort!' He looked in far better health than I expected to see him after his long imprisonment, and his countenance beamed with delight. He has seen his desire on his enemy."

After their appointment, the new Ministers were as prompt to assume their duties as the population had been to decree the downfall of the Bonaparte dynasty. Count Kératy at once hastened to the Prefecture of Police and took possession of the chair which M. Pietri, luckily for himself, had already vacated. M. Jules Favre flew to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs; and M. Gambetta, accompanied by a couple of friends, jumped into a cab, proceeded to the Ministry of the Interior, and at once installed himself in office. A trumpet and a few soldiers of the National Guard, we believe, heralded his approach, the crowd cheered, and M. Leon Gambetta reigned in the "Home Office," *vice* M. Henry Chevreau, deposed and fled.

The scenes at the Hôtel de Ville, and at the last sitting of the Legislative Chamber, illustrated on pages 181 and 188 respectively, have already been fully described, and need no further addition now.

THE WATERFORD HARBOUR COMMISSIONERS have resolved to erect a breakwater in Passage roadstead, at a cost of £10,000, on plans prepared by Coope. The Marquis of Waterford contributes largely, and gives facilities for the execution of the work.

THE FIRST SNOW.—Benmaedui, Cairntoul, Cairnagorm, and other peaks of the Grampian range in the extreme west of the county of Aberdeen received a coating of snow on the morning of Sunday last. The weather has been thoroughly broken in this quarter for the last fortnight, and winter appears to have set in a month earlier than usual. September is commonly as busy a month in regard to summer visitors, as August, but the present cold, inclement weather is thinning their numbers considerably.

## Foreign Intelligence.

### FRANCE.

Paris is now practically besieged. The Germans are within a few miles of the city, and the Government have ordered that, from and after Thursday last, no one would be allowed to enter or leave the capital without a special permit. The garrison troops are fast becoming organised, and were reviewed on Tuesday by General Trochu, when they presented a very soldier-like and determined appearance. The General has issued an order of the day, in which he says that the number of men required for daily service on the ramparts will be 70,000. He says that the enceinte of Paris, defended by the persevering efforts of public spirit and 300,000 rifles, is inaccessible.

The Government for the Defence of the Nation has summoned the electors of France in their districts for Oct. 16, and calls upon them to elect a Constituent Assembly of 790 members.

The Government have decided on ordering home all military men engaged in foreign service. The Ganges steamer sailed from Marseilles, on the 12th, for Civita Vecchia, to bring home the Pontifical Zouaves and other French soldiers in the service of the Pope.

A decree of the Committee of National Defence announces that all woods and forests which might endanger the defence of the country will be set on fire at the approach of the enemy. In accordance with this decree, some of the woods in the vicinity of Paris were fired on Tuesday.

M. Crémieux, the Minister of Justice, has addressed a proclamation to France, in which he says that, as the enemy is marching on Paris, the Government of the National Defence, preoccupied by the task of saving the capital, has charged him to undertake the administration of the non-invaded departments with the aid of a delegate from each Ministry. In consequence M. Crémieux appeals to the patriotism of the people to raise against the foreign invader an unconquerable barrier; and he concludes by invoking the memory of '92 to expel from the Republican soil an enemy whom an odious and incapable Government has permitted to invade it.

The prompt acknowledgment by the United States of the French Republic has been made the occasion of enthusiastic demonstrations in honour of the American Legation in Paris, and of the Consulate at Marseilles. Mr. Washburn, the United States Minister, has, however, carefully guarded himself against committing his Government; and, with a prudence characteristically Yankee, impressed upon the demonstrationists that they must put their trust "in moral support" so far as the Washington Cabinet is concerned. The representatives of England, Spain, Austria, Italy, Portugal, Switzerland, and Holland have addressed cordial letters to M. Jules Favre announcing that they will continue to keep up diplomatic relations with the new Government, and remain in Paris.

Vice-Admiral de Gueydon has been appointed to the command of the Northern squadron, in place of Vice-Admiral Fourichon, named Minister of Marine. The new commander has received orders to embark at Cherbourg.

A rebellion has broken out at Nice and Mentone. The French authorities have been deposed, and the political prisoners released. An Italian Republic was proclaimed.

Some of the most notorious of the ex-Emperor's commissaries of police, MM. Mouton, Lagrange, André, and Nus, have all been taken, as in a bag net, at Dijon.

The *Charivari*, in a very simple caricature, publishes a compendious history of the reign of the last of the Bonapartes. France, bound hand and foot, is represented between the mouths of two cannons, one bearing the date, Paris, 1851; the other, that of Sedan, 1870. This is the alpha and omega of Napoleon III.

### ITALY.

In the midst of the lull which precedes a fresh outburst of the war storm, the Roman question is once more coming to the front and attracting a share of the public attention. The Italian troops have entered Papal territory, and, consequent upon the withdrawal of the French, have now no other enemy to encounter than the impotent Zouaves of the Pope. These appear very indisposed to offer serious resistance to the aggressors on Peter's patrimony, the most they have hitherto done in that respect being to cut the railway between Cecano and Frosinone, with a view to obstruct the invasion; whilst the commander of the native Papal forces has been arrested for refusing to fight; and Montefiascone was evacuated by the garrison immediately on the appearance of the enemy before its walls. Everywhere the Italian soldiers are received with open arms by the inhabitants of the districts through which they are marching. A proclamation of General Cadorna, who commands the Italian troops, addressed to the Romans, contains the assurance that they shall have the administration of their own affairs, and that the independence of the Holy See will be respected.

Intelligence from Rome announces that the Pope is preparing a formal protest against the entry of the Italian troops into the Papal territory, but has, nevertheless, given orders to his troops not to resist them.

The Florence *Opinione* of Thursday says that Prince Odescalschi, at the head of the inhabitants, had hoisted the national flag at the castle of Bracciano. Armed citizens are marching towards Rome. The same journal denies that diplomatic difficulties have arisen in connection with the entry of the Italian troops into Rome.

The Italian ultimatum, rejected by the Pope, contained these terms:—"The Pope to retain the sovereignty over the Leonine portion of Rome and the ecclesiastical institutions of all Rome. The income of the Pope, the Cardinals, and all the Papal officers and officials to continue uncurtailed. The Papal debt to be guaranteed. Envoys to the Pope and Cardinals to retain their present immunities, even if not residing in the Leonine city. All nations to be freely admitted to the Leonine city. The Catholic clergy in all Italy to be freed from Government supervision. The Italian military, municipal, and entail laws to be modified as regards Rome."

Insurrections have broken out at various points on the Papal territory, the demand of the populace being for the advance of the Italian troops and incorporation with the kingdom of Italy.

Telegraphic communication with the Papal States is suspended.

### BELGIUM.

The *Journal de Liège* says that the Belgian Ministry have decided upon the recognition of the French Republic, as in 1818. The Republic will, therefore, shortly be recognised, and a note to the effect will be dispatched to M. de Beyens, who will communicate it extra-officially to M. Jules Favre.

### SPAIN.

A great demonstration, in which 20,000 persons took part, was held in Madrid on the 8th. Senor Castelar made a speech in which he assured Republican France of the sympathy of Spain. The human conscience had new life on seeing the Emperor punished and the Republic triumphant. Similar meetings continued to be held, at which the Republicans express sympathy with the French Republic and their determination to abolish Royalty in Spain; but there has been, so far, no disturbances. The Ministerial organs announce that at a Council of Ministers, held on Tuesday, it was decided to recall Senor Olazago by telegraph from Paris, on account of his having exceeded his instructions in recognising the Republic.

### GERMANY.

The principal German Cabinets are making preparations for establishing a common Government and Parliament for all Germany.

German scholars have been sent to France to search the archives of occupied towns for documents bearing on German medieval history. The transfer of these papers to Germany will be among the conditions of peace.



RUSSIA.

The *Journal of St. Petersburg* hopes "that, at the conclusion of his mission, M. Thiers will be able to inculcate in France convictions as to what solution of the present difficulty would be most favourable to her, but suggests that for this purpose it would be necessary for M. Thiers to have previously relinquished many of his own convictions." It adds that in doing this he would give a great example to France, where his influence, as this mission proves, is now more considerable than ever.

EGYPT.

An official despatch, dated Constantinople, Sept. 9, has been received by the Khedive announcing that the Grand Vizier had telegraphed on that day to the Turkish Ambassadors in Paris and London that the Government of the Sublime Porte had withdrawn its protest against the recent loan concluded with the Franco-Egyptian Bank, after having been duly convinced that that loan was a private operation of the Khedive's Diara.

THE UNITED STATES.

Since the proclamation of the French Republic the press of the United States almost unanimously express sympathy with France. It is announced, however, that there is no foundation for any reports of American intervention in European war. The United States will only offer good offices when asked by belligerents, otherwise they hold aloof.

CHINA.

A telegram from Hong-Kong, with the date of the 23rd ult., says that the condition of Tien-Tsin has become more unsatisfactory. The Chinese are becoming bolder, and are massing large numbers of troops there. The Bishop of Victoria, Hong-Kong, has published a letter he has just received from the Rev. C. H. Butcher, the British Chaplain at Shanghai. Mr. Butcher says that the more that is heard in China about the Tien-Tsin massacre the more evident two facts appear—that the Chinese Government, or at least Tseng-Kwo-Fan, connived at the outrage, and that the British Government have been so misled by Mr. Wade that they will do nothing. If this is the case, Mr. Butcher says he is only echoing the general opinion when he says that neither foreign life nor foreign property will be safe in China. The Taoutai at Shanghai sent to ask if the European residents wanted any Chinese troops. Both the English and French Consuls replied—"Certainly not; they had had rather too much of the protection of Chinese troops at Tien-Tsin." There the so-called soldiery helped to fire the Romish cathedral, and kept the ground while nine sisters of charity were outraged and tortured.

THE WAR.

MISCELLANEOUS WAR NEWS.

The intelligence from the seat of war relates chiefly to the achievements of those ubiquitous fellows the Prussian uhlans, who are heralding the advance of the main army at numerous places to the east and north-east of Paris. The aspect of affairs in that erst gay capital is gloomy and dispiriting in the extreme. Soldiers crowd its avenues and open spaces. There is nothing but marching and counter-marching, in preparation for the coming storm, and the scouts of the enemy are said to be within a two hours' stroll of the city.

Toul was subjected to a bombardment of nine hours' duration on the 10th inst. The town suffered greatly, but still holds out.

On Sunday the Prussians summoned the town of Soissons to surrender. The Commandant replied that he would rather blow up the place, a reply which was approved by the inhabitants.

A formidable siege artillery has been sent to Toul and Paris. Of the 4000 officers captured at Sedan, about 3000, not having signed the capitulation, are sent to Germany. From an official German statement it appears that besides 25,000 prisoners taken in the battle of Sedan, 83,000 men, including 4000 officers and 14,000 wounded, surrendered by capitulation. Adding to these the losses at Beaumont, and about 3000 escaped to Belgium, M'Mahon's army must have numbered nearly 150,000. Above 400 field guns, 70 mitrailleuses, 150 fortress guns, 10,000 horses, and an enormous amount of material were taken.

Count Bismarck has drawn up a report to the King respecting the capitulation of Sedan. In it he says that the Emperor Napoleon, in his interview with himself, requested that the entire French army might be permitted to withdraw to Belgium. Napoleon also complained that public opinion had forced this war upon him very much against his will. The conduct of all the French Generals was most dignified, and they thanked the King for the manner in which he evinced his sense of the valour displayed by the French army in releasing their officers on parole.

The inhabitants of Heligoland report the last French ships to have left Heligoland on the 11th inst. The German fleet, from Jahde, was off Heligoland on the afternoon of the same day. Ships daily enter the Oder and the Elbe, and the blockade seems to have ceased.

SIEGE OF STRASBOURG.

A communication from General Ulrich, dated Strasbourg, Sept. 9, and received in Paris from Schelestadt only on Wednesday, says:—"The state of affairs is worse. The bombardment continues without cessation. The artillery fire is deafening. I shall hold out to the end. How could I cross the Rhine without a bridge and without a boat? Abandon this impracticable idea. A brave sortie was made this morning, but it cost us much, and was without result, beyond the respect for us which it imposes on the enemy." This despatch does not seem to have been intended for the Government, but is apparently a confidential communication to a brother officer, who had tendered some impractical advice. The allusion to crossing the Rhine is not at once intelligible; across the Rhine from Strasbourg is Baden. The German fire, which for the last fortnight has been increasing in severity, appears to be breaking down the defence, and the belief gains ground among the German officers that the capitulation cannot be long delayed. As regards the terrible slaughter by means of mitrailleuses at Strasbourg, reported in a telegram from Bale last week, the statement is emphatically denied by the *Cologne Gazette*. Two vigorous sorties were, however, made by the garrison on the night of the 4th. The besiegers seem determined to leave nothing to force, and are carrying on the siege in the most regular and scientific manner.

EXPLOSION AT LAON.

The town and citadel of Laon were surrendered on the 10th by the commandant, General d'Hame. About half an hour after a powder magazine blew up, killing the Prussian staff, several Prussian soldiers and Gardes Mobiles, and wounding the commandant in the head. King William thus telegraphs the event to Queen Augusta:—"Sad news from Laon, where, after the capitulation and the entry of our troops, the citadel blew up. Fifty of our men and 300 of the Gardes Mobiles were killed and many wounded. The Duke William of Mecklenburg-Schwerin is among the latter. Unquestionably the disaster is to be attributed to treachery."

The circumstances under which the explosion occurred are disputed, and it is now sought to attribute the event to accident or stupidity. The *Paris Temps* publishes some particulars founded upon the statements of Gardes Mobiles who fled from Laon to Chauny after the event, several of them wounded. Their evidence is, of course, only good as to what they heard and saw. They say that, after the General commanding at Laon received the order to capitulate, he informed the chief of the Prussian staff that he was ready to treat, and the capitulation was signed. "The enemy's officers having entered the citadel with a number of soldiers, the General said to the men of the Garde Mobile, 'Save yourselves as quickly as you can.' Many hurried out immediately, but some remained. Two minutes afterwards the citadel blew up with a terrible report." The *Gleaner* of St. Quentin states that "after the capitulation of the town of Laon, made between the civil authority and the enemy, the General-Com-

mandant of the citadel caused it to be blown up at the moment when he was with the Prussian General and his staff," and adds that he had the foresight first to remove the Gardes Mobiles from the citadel. The same authority adds that the Gardes Mobiles who fled told their friends when they got home that "the Prussians had been very kind to them." The *Moniteur Universel* states that it was the commandant of Laon and M. Henri de Chezelles, commanding the Gardes Mobile of the Department of the Aisne, who caused the citadel to be blown up. In this state of uncertainty Captain J. Peret, who commanded a company of Gardes Mobiles in the citadel of Laon, comes forward to declare his opinion that neither M. de Chezelles nor the General caused the citadel to be blown up; and in support of his conviction he gives some facts very interesting as to the state of opinion and feeling at Laon. He says that the people and Municipal Council of Laon, in prospect of the arrival of the Prussians, seemed to forget that they were Frenchmen, and gave General d'Hame a great deal of anxiety. The Mayor published proclamations which Captain Peret as a soldier considers disgraceful, and two days before the arrival of the Prussians he dismissed the National Guard of the town. "On the evening of the 8th, towards six o'clock, the inhabitants made the General their prisoner in Heminguy's restaurant, in order to get him to sign the capitulation of the citadel; and I and other officers collected two companies of Mobiles and rescued him. The commander of the Mobiles, M. de Chezelles, very much pressed the General to capitulate, and exercised great influence over him. The General was the more blamable because he had abundance of provisions and munitions of war. Finding how things were going, and that the capitulation was to be signed on the 9th, I left the town beforehand." Captain Peret believes that the fortress was fired by an artilleryman. It will be seen that he recognises the fact of the capitulation, which makes his concluding reflection the more significant:—"It is not just that the merit of this heroic and sublime conduct should be given to those who were not its authors." Captain Peret's opinion of the transaction was echoed by all the Paris newspapers, except the *Debats*, which condemns such a mode of making war.

PEACE NEGOTIATIONS.

It is stated from Paris that Russia and other Powers are taking active steps in the interests of peace. A Paris telegram of Tuesday states that "It is understood that measures are this evening being taken to negotiate with the Prussian headquarters through the medium of the British Embassy. The Provisional Government not having been recognised by the King of Prussia, it is necessary to treat through a neutral Power. The object is to induce the Prussian Government to consent to open negotiations with the Provisional Government, with a view to attempt to avert, by an armistice, upon certain bases, the battle which is imminent under the walls of Paris. The *sine qua non* of the Provisional Government is that there should be no cession of territory. Upon any other point they are ready to make concessions. They will agree to the fortresses of the Rhine Valley being razed." A Paris telegram in the *Morning Post* reports that the Prussian terms of peace are now said to be these three:—Five milliards of francs (£200,000,000) indemnity; the cession of half the French fleet; the entry of the Prussian army into, and the signature of a treaty of peace in, Paris. The *Tagblatt* of Vienna has the following telegram, dated Berlin, Sept. 9:—"It is credibly averred that Count Bismarck has caused her Britannic Majesty's Government to be informed that a mediation in favour of peace can be accepted only on the basis of conditions as follow, to wit:—1. Cession of one half of the French ironclad fleet; 2, three thousand millions of francs war indemnity; 3, regulation of frontiers in favour of Germany to be settled by a congress." On the subject of peace negotiations, a telegram from Berlin, dated Wednesday, says:—"With regard to negotiations for peace, it is understood that the position Germany will take up will be as follows:—The so-called National Defence Government in Paris, though existing *de facto*, is deemed of no validity *de jure*, and cannot and will not be treated with. When Paris is taken, the Senate and Corps Législatif, with the Regency, will be regarded as the Government *de jure*. These can, and it is expected will, resume their functions, and appoint a commission to accept terms of peace. The Emperor can return. When peace is concluded Napoleon will be released, and France be left free to have an Empire or such other form of Government as its people may desire."

THE BURNING OF BAZEILLES.

The Duke de Fitzjames gives the following description of Bazeilles after the battle at that place:—"Paris, Sept. 13.—I have just returned from Sedan. Ever since Châlons I have not left our heroic but unfortunate army. Entrusted, together with Prince de Sagan, by the International Society for the Aid of the Wounded, with the duty of establishing its ambulances where they were likely to be most useful, I have seen all those battle-fields, from Beaumont to Sedan, where our soldiers, crushed by numbers, have fallen gloriously for France. Allow me to express my indignation at what I saw at Bazeilles. Bazeilles is near the Meuse, about five miles from Sedan. On the morning of Aug. 31 the courageous inhabitants of that village, perceiving that the enemy was coming on, donned their National Guards' uniforms and aided the army in holding in check a Bavarian corps and a division (Scholer's) of the 4th Prussian Reserve Corps. The French army was driven back. The enemy entered Bazeilles, and then commenced a scene of horror and nameless excesses that must for ever disgrace their perpetrators. In order to punish the inhabitants of the village for presuming to defend themselves they set the place on fire. Most of the National Guards had been killed. The population sought a refuge in the cellars. All—women and children—were burnt alive! Out of 2000 inhabitants barely 300 survive to relate how the Bavarians drove the women and children back into the flames, and shot those who succeeded in escaping. I myself saw the ruins of the village. There is not a house left standing. A fearful smell of charred flesh pervades the air, and I saw the calcined bodies of the inhabitants on the threshold of their own dwellings."

THE KING OF PRUSSIA'S ACCOUNT OF THE VICTORY AT SEDAN. The following is a full translation of the despatch sent by the King of Prussia to Queen Augusta, announcing the victory and capitulation of Sedan:—

Vendresse, South of Sedan, Sept. 2. You will have learned through my three telegrams the whole extent of the great historical event which has just taken place. It is like a dream, even when one has seen it unroll itself hour by hour; but, when I consider that, after one great successful war, I could not expect anything more glorious during my reign, and that I now see this act follow, destined to be famous in the history of the world, I bow before God, who alone has chosen my army and allies to carry it into execution, and has chosen us as the instruments of His will. It is only in this sense that I can conceive this work, and in all humility praise God's guidance and grace. I will now give you a picture of the battle and its results in a compressed form. On the evening of the 31st and the morning of the 1st the army had reached its appointed positions round Sedan. The Bavarians held the left wing, near Bazeilles, on the Meuse; next them the Saxons, towards Moncelle and Daigny; the Guards still marching towards Givonne, the 5th and 11th Corps towards St. Menges and Fleigneux. As the Meuse here makes a sharp bend, no corps had been posted from St. Menges to Donchery, but at the latter place there were Wurtembergers, who covered the rear against sallies from Mézières. Count Stolberg's cavalry division was in the plain of Donchery as right wing; the rest of the Bavarians were in the front, towards Sedan. Notwithstanding a thick fog, the battle began at Bazeilles early in the morning, and a sharp action developed itself by degrees, in which it was necessary to take house by house. It lasted nearly all day, and Scholer's Erfurt division (Reserve 4th Corps) was obliged to assist. It was at eight o'clock, when I reached the front before Sedan, that the great battle commenced. A hot artillery action now began at all points. It lasted for hours, and during it we gradually gained ground. As the above-named villages were taken, very deep and wooded ravines made the advance of the infantry more difficult and favoured the defence. The villages of Selg and Floing were taken, and the fiery circle drew gradually closer round Sedan. It was a grand sight from our position on a commanding height behind the

above-mentioned battery, when we looked to the front beyond St. Torcy. The violent resistance of the enemy began to slacken by degrees, which we could see by the broken battalions that were hurriedly retreating from the woods and villages. The cavalry endeavoured to attack several battalions of our 5th Corps, and the latter behaved admirably. The cavalry galloped through the interval between the battalions, and then returned the same way. This was repeated three times, so that the ground was covered with corpses and horses, all of which we could see very well from our position. I have not been able to learn the number of this brave regiment, as the retreat of the enemy was in many places a flight. The infantry, cavalry, and artillery rushed in a crowd into the town and its immediate environs, but no sign was given that the enemy contemplated extricating himself from his desperate situation by the capitulation. No other course was left than to bombard the town with the heavy battery. In twenty minutes the town was burning in several places, which, with the numerous burning villages over the whole field, produced a terrible impression. I accordingly ordered the firing to cease, and sent Lieutenant-Colonel von Broussart, of the General Staff, with a flag of truce, to demand the capitulation of the army and the fortress. He was met by a Bavarian officer, who reported to me that a French *parlementaire* had announced himself at the gate. Colonel von Broussart was admitted, and, on his asking for the Commander-in-Chief, he was unexpectedly introduced into the presence of the Emperor, who wished to give him a letter for himself. When the Emperor asked what his message was, and received the answer, "to demand the surrender of the army and fortress," he replied that on this subject he must apply to General de Wimpffen, who had undertaken the command in the place of the wounded General M'Mahon, and that he would now send his Adjutant-General Reille with the letter to myself. It was seven o'clock when Reille and Broussart came to me, the latter a little in advance; and it was first through him that I learned with certainty the presence of the Emperor. You may imagine the impression which this made upon all of us, but particularly on myself. Reille sprang from his horse and gave me the letter of the Emperor, adding that he had no other orders. Before I opened the letter, I said to him, "But I demand, as the first condition, that the army lay down its arms." The letter begins thus:—"N'ayant pas pu mourir à la tête de mes troupes, je dépose mon épée à votre Majesté," leaving all the rest to me. My answer was, that I deplored the manner of our meeting, and begged that a plenipotentiary might be sent with whom we might conclude the capitulation. After I had given the letter to General Reille, I spoke a few words with him as an old acquaintance, and so this act ended. I gave Moltke powers to negotiate, and directed Bismarck to remain behind in case political questions should arise. I then rode to my carriage and drove home, greeted everywhere along the road with the loud hurrahs of the trains that were marching up and singing the National Hymn. It was deeply touching. Candles were lighted everywhere, so that we were driven through an improvised illumination. I arrived here at eleven o'clock, and drank with those about me to the prosperity of an army which had accomplished such feats. As on the morning of the 2nd I had received no news from Moltke respecting negotiations for the capitulation which were to take place in Donchery, I drove to the battle-field, according to agreement, at eight o'clock, and met Moltke, who was coming to obtain my consent to the proposed capitulation. He told me at the same time that the Emperor had left Sedan at five o'clock in the morning, and had come to Donchery, as he wished to speak with me. There was a château and park in the neighbourhood, and I chose that place for our meeting. At ten o'clock I reached the height before Sedan. Moltke and Bismarck appeared at twelve o'clock, with the capitulation duly signed. At one o'clock I started again with Fritz and, escorted by the cavalry and the staff, I alighted before the château, where the Emperor came to meet me. The visit lasted a quarter of an hour. We were both much moved at seeing each other again under such circumstances. What my feelings were—I had seen Napoleon only three years before at the summit of his power—is more than I can describe. After this meeting, from half-past two to half-past seven o'clock, I rode past the whole army before Sedan. The reception given me by the troops, the meeting with the Guards—now decimated—all these are things which I cannot describe to-day. I was much touched by so many proofs of love and devotion. Now, farewell.—A heart deeply moved at the conclusion of such a letter. WILHELM.

THE PRINCE IMPERIAL AND THE EMPRESS.

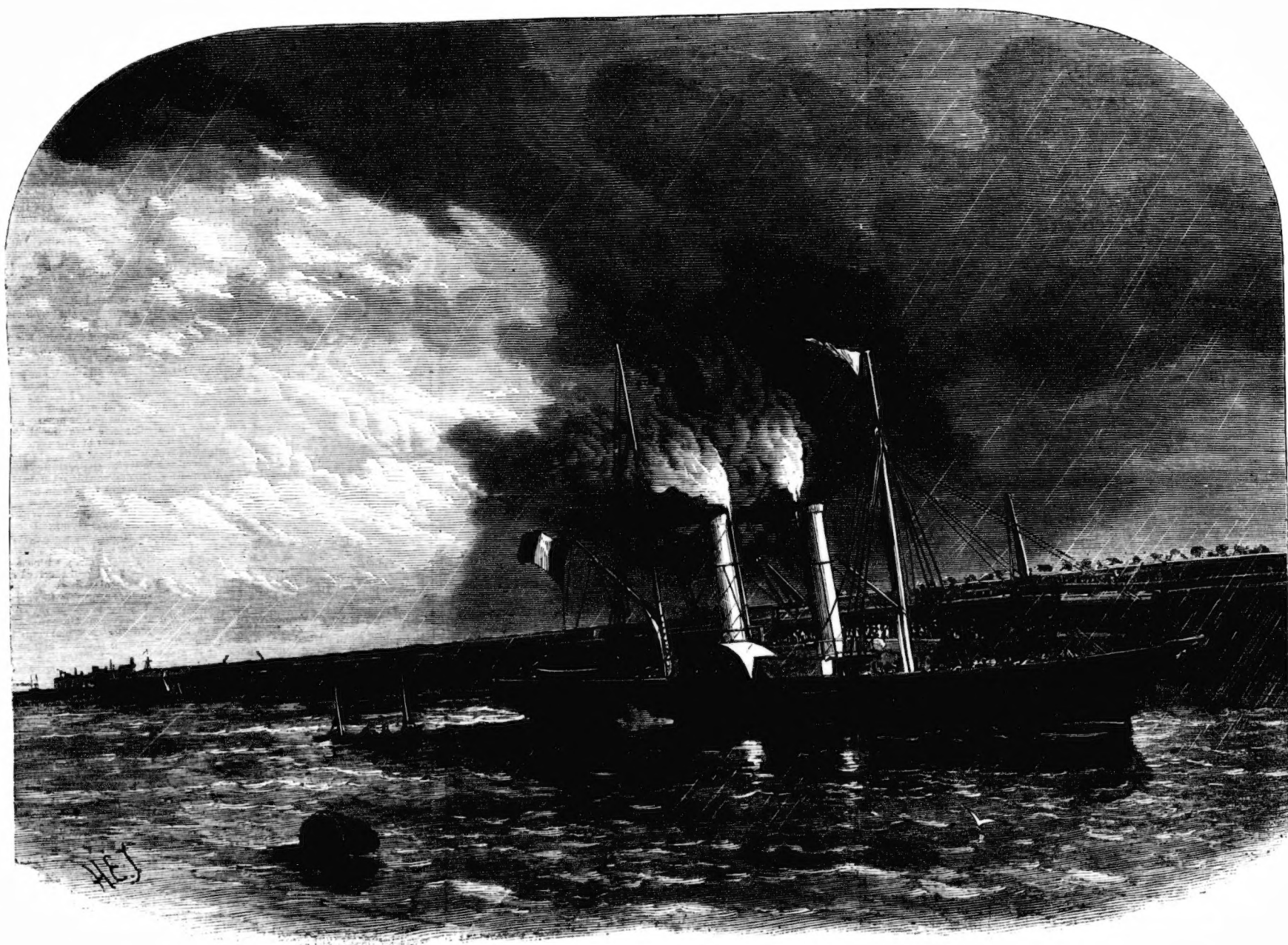
The Prince Imperial, as we stated last week, arrived at Dover on Tuesday, Sept. 6. He came over in the Royal Belgian mail-packet the Count de Flandre (Captain Giraud), which steamed alongside the landing-stage at half-past one o'clock. Very few persons had been acquainted with the fact that the Prince Imperial was on board, but about a hundred people assembled on the pier in a soaking rain in order to catch a glimpse of the illustrious refugee. The Prince was accompanied by Commander Duperré, son of Admiral Duperré, Major Lamme, and Major Ferry, and by several servants. On landing, the Prince was respectfully saluted by most of the spectators, and he frequently acknowledged their attentions by touching his hat. He was attired in a dark suit, and wore a grey great-coat and an ordinary deer-stalking hat. The Prince was met on the pier by Mr. Eborall, the general manager of the South-Eastern Railway, who escorted him to the Lord Warden Hotel. The Prince remained at the Lord Warden Hotel until the afternoon, when he left Dover for Hastings, where he arrived soon afterwards and proceeded to the Marine Hotel. On arrival at Hastings he was met by General du Puis. The Prince is said to be in indifferent health. Twenty-three horses and two carriages have arrived in England from Antwerp for his use.

The Empress Eugénie, who has joined her son in England, instead of going to Wilhelmshöhe, as was reported, seems to have encountered considerable difficulties in making her escape from France. It appears that when her Majesty made her way out of the Tuileries by the gate next the Seine she was escorted by Prince Meternich and by one or two other gentlemen; but, unfortunately, the crowd was so great that she was almost immediately separated from them. While thus alone in the mob she was recognised by a little gamin, who no sooner cried out "Voilà l'Impératrice!" than some of the crowd exclaimed, in a threatening way, "A la guillotine!" "A la guillotine!" Just at this moment, however, fortune stood her friend, for, as the crowd surged this way and that, she dived into the thickest of it, and those who raised the savage cry, lost all sight and trace of her. Eventually she found her way to the house of a friend; but it was not such an easy thing to effect her exit from Paris. She was advised, and she resolved not to try the railway, for fear of being recognised; and at length she was glad to find a market-cart which was returning into Normandy. In this cart she secured a seat, and in it she spent the best part of three days and two nights before she saw the sea in the neighbourhood of Trouville, where she was at once received on board the yacht of Sir J. M. Burgoyne. The rest of the story shall be told in the following extract from a correspondent's letter:—"Sir John Burgoyne's yacht was lying off Trouville, when a Frenchman came on board asking to be allowed to look over an English yacht. Sir John, half suspecting him to be a French spy, allowed him to look about. Soon after this visitor was gone two French gentlemen came on board with the same request, and, after asking many questions as to the sailing powers of the *Gazelle*, begged to be allowed to speak to Sir John alone. Then one, introducing himself as M. de Lesseps, said they had a favour to ask, and if Sir John could not grant it they still relied on his honour as an English gentleman to make no use of what they might communicate. They then told him the history of the Empress's escape, and asked for her to be taken to England. Sir John promised to do so. She came on board privately, and the yacht weighed anchor at once, and set sail for Ryde. The Empress was wholly unprovided with luggage, not having even a comb and brush, or a change of linen with her. The crossing was very rough, the sea washing over the deck, and the Empress was way-worn and exhausted when she arrived at Ryde." Thence she proceeded to Hastings, where she arrived on the night of Thursday week.

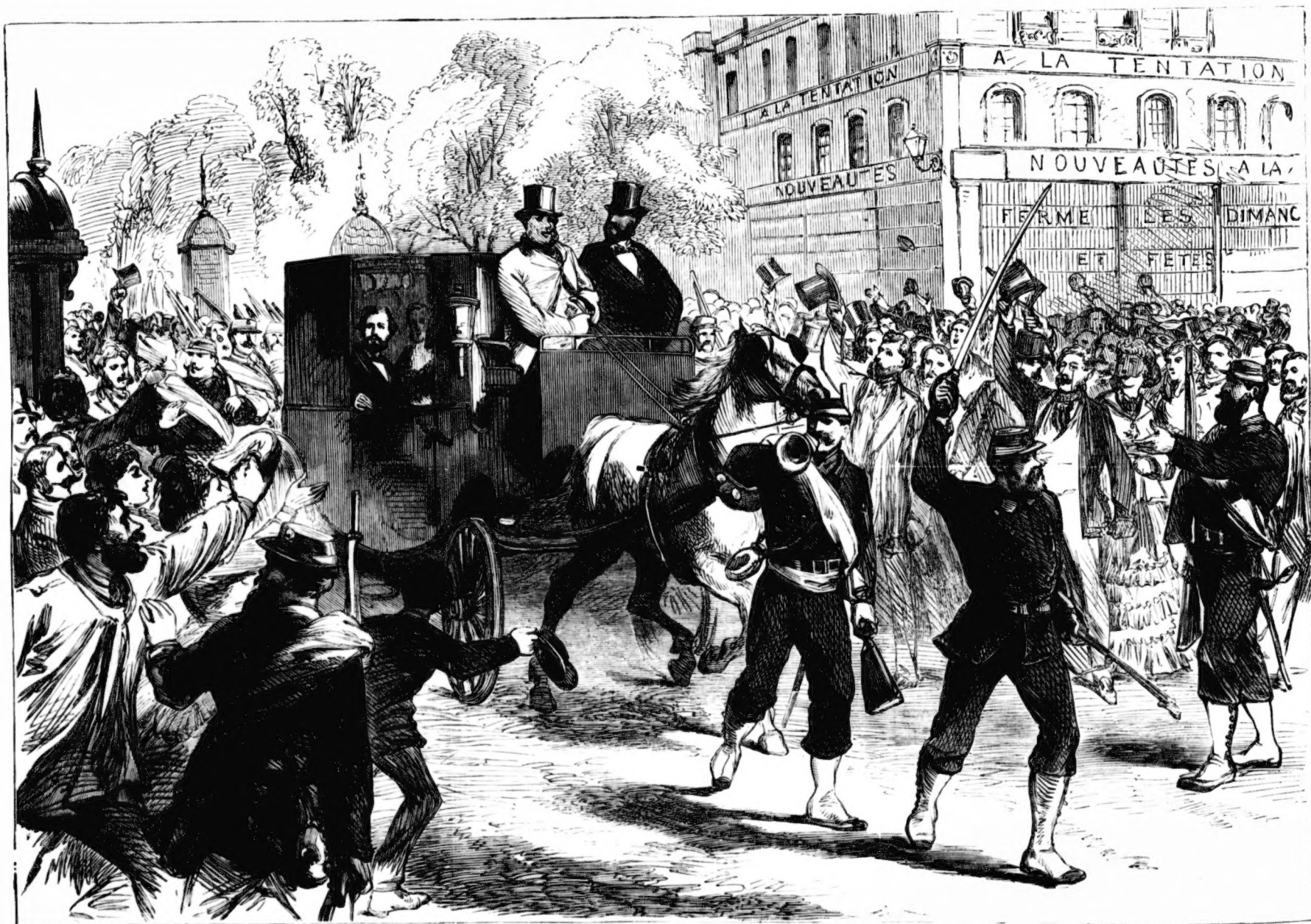
Tor Abbey Park, near Torquay, has been engaged as a temporary residence for the Empress of the French and the Prince Imperial. The Empress and her son are believed to have passed through Exeter on Wednesday, on their way to Torquay.

BIRMINGHAM NEUTRALITY.—We understand that M. Chassepot, the inventor, is at Birmingham, under the name of Mr. Jacob, examining rifles and putting his stamp on the cases. For every snider rifle 400 cartridges are demanded. Several gun-making establishments have orders from the French Government; all the guns have to pass "Mr. Jacob's" inspection; and but for the scarcity of the real Boxer cartridge—the only one accepted—a large number would be shipped off. There are several parcels of guns ready, but awaiting cartridges. Up to the present time 1000 chassepots have been sent off to France and about 4000 sniders.—*Daily News*.



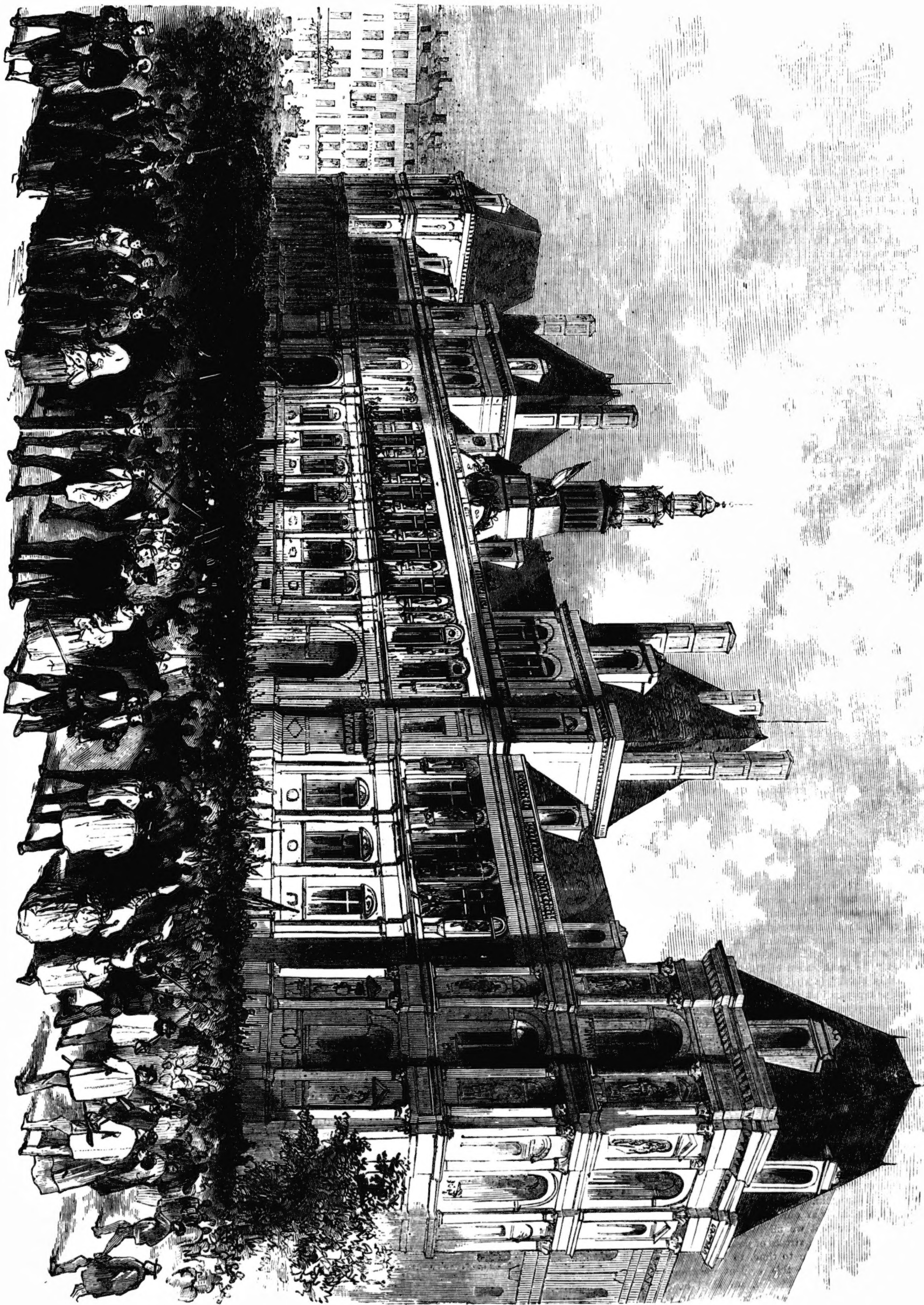


ARRIVAL OF THE PRINCE IMPERIAL AT DOVER.



THE FRENCH REVOLUTION: M. GAMBETTA GOING TO TAKE POSSESSION OF THE MINISTRY OF THE INTERIOR.





DECLARATION OF THE REPUBLIC AT THE HOTEL DE VILLE, PARIS—(SEE "ILLUSTRATED TIMES," SEPT. 10, PAGE 152.)



## REDUCED POSTAL TARIFF.

On and after Oct. 1,

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION TO THE ILLUSTRATED TIMES.  
Three Months .. 3s. 10d. | Six Months .. 7s. 7d. | Twelve Months .. 15s. 2d.  
(In all cases to be Paid in Advance.)



SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1870.

## THE LANDWEHR FEVER.

We are exceedingly sorry to notice the childish way in which so many of our contemporaries have taken the war fever. Some allowance must be made for excitability and the necessity of finding a sufficient variety of what might be called war sauces to the political writing of the hour; but it would be an evil day for England if the virus with which Mr. Matthew Arnold has so long been trying to inoculate her should take effect in any real eruptive action of which, when we are all a little calm, we should bitterly repent.

Mr. Arnold, as most people are aware, has for a long time now been preaching, through his German man of straw "Arminius" and otherwise, that England is on the brink of ruin, and that it is her middle-class policy—represented in his appeals by one "Bottles"—which has wellnigh undone her. He looks back with regret upon the fine old port-wine Toryism, under whose management England became "great," according to his idea of greatness; and the success of the German arms, which he regards as a triumph of Toryism and *geist*, has given him a handle for grinding away at his old tune again. This would not much matter, though it is an evil omen that a sinister political writer like Mr. Arnold can find a public at all; but, unfortunately, he has found people to take up the same disagreeable melody. At the bottom of all this clatter, which began immediately after Sadowa, lies what we do affirm is a feeling utterly childish. Envy in the most evil sense is not an English fault; but a longing admiration of what the Germans have done, and a vivid feeling that it would be a fine thing if we had happened to be the nation to do something of the same kind, is as plainly active in our journalism as anything can be. But, to employ again the same appropriate word, how childish is all this! As childish as the toy Prussian soldiers which we are told were found in the Tuileries in the near neighbourhood of the poor little Prince Imperial's exercise-book. These reactionists forget that nations, like men, have their turns; that they do not all move with equal steps; that while one nation is going through a process of consolidation, *ferro et igni*—to use Bismarck's own phrase—a process, that is, in which fire and steel play an important part—another nation may have passed that stage, or may not have arrived at it, or may be called upon to play a totally different part. Germany, even in the hour of victory, is surely an object of commiseration only less deep than that which would have been her due if she had been defeated. Really, Mr. Arnold and his coadjutors forget what miseries a high Tory and warlike policy once caused England; what a legacy of inconvenience it has bequeathed to us all; and, worse still, what a legacy of regret on moral grounds. The victory of Copenhagen was "glorious," but it was shameful for all that. We had better have cut off our hands than do a great deal of what we did in India in the fine old port-wine Toryism days. Of our American policy it is not necessary to speak. These things lie behind us in tracts of history which already look far distant; but we have not yet shaken off the evils they caused us, and Germany will have a woful account to settle with posterity when this war is over. We do not condemn her; the work is great, greatly has it been wrought, and most kindly has been the behaviour of King William. But if it was necessary that the work of consolidation should be done by this path, and that "the brotherhood of the German peoples should be sealed in blood" (a kind of phrase which is frequent in German newspapers just now)—if this was really necessary, who does not perceive that the necessity was a most dreary one; a necessity which involves a reproach to human nature, and a note of interrogation set against the progress of humanity? German unity ought to have been attainable otherwise than *ferro et igni*; and if it had been so attained, probably this war would never have taken place; for we know enough to be sure that the Emperor and France would probably have paused long before declaring war against a united Germany. It was his mistake not to foresee that in a war for the Rhine Germany would be one.

It is a grand spectacle that we have now been witnessing, but heart-breaking too; and in the present stage of her progress it is not the business of England to help in getting up such shows. We have done our share; and, if duty calls us, we shall do it again. But it is as clear as the sun in the sky that such security as our insular position gives us was bestowed in order that we might all the more devoutly cultivate the arts and the virtues of peace first and foremost, and endeavour, from time to time, to keep other nations from war. If we allow this evident vocation of ours to degrade into selfish isolation, we shall be punished for it. But we shall also be punished if we allow ourselves to be clamoured and worried out of our proper path. If some of the public writing and speaking (in the latter of which we are both sorry and surprised to

see two Comtists, Professor Beesly, of Broadhead notoriety, and Dr. Congreve, figuring) really represents any influential current of English opinion, why, then, instead of praying for a landwehr ready to our hands, we had better thank God we do not happen to have one. For it would have been a diabolical temptation to some people.

## SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE QUEEN, should her engagements permit, intends to call at Liverpool on her return from Balmoral, early in November, for the purpose of inspecting the equestrian statues of her Majesty and of the Prince Consort, in front of St. George's Hall. The first-named statue will be placed on the pedestal prepared for it in the course of a few days. That of the Prince Consort was inaugurated some time ago.

THE PRINCE OF WALES has arranged to visit Edinburgh about Oct. 12, to be installed as a patron of the Masonic Order in Scotland. His Royal Highness, at the same time, will lay the foundation-stone of the new infirmary. A great Masonic demonstration is expected on the occasion.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY has sent a letter to the Bishop of London, who is Dean of the province of Canterbury, ordering a general offertory in aid of the fund for the sick and wounded.

HER MAJESTY, who contributed £500 to the funds of the National Society for Aid to the Sick and Wounded in War, has now graciously condescended to become its patroness.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER is to be presented with the freedom of the city of Elgin on the 24th inst.

SIR WILLIAM FENWICK WILLIAMS of Kars, K.C.B., has been appointed Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Gibraltar.

MR. ROEBUCK has just successfully undergone an operation which, it is hoped, may result in the restoration of his sight, which has for some time been failing him.

MR. CHILDERS, at present in Germany, it is reported, has had a return of the complaint from which he had been suffering a short time ago, and which prevented him from attending his Parliamentary duties during a portion of the last Session. This attack, it is said, has come on in consequence of the loss of Mr. Childers's second son, who was drowned in the *Capitain*.

SIR JOHN YOUNG, Governor-General of Canada, has forwarded to the Lord Mayor a letter expressing the great satisfaction with which the inhabitants of the Dominion have received the announcement that the successful repulse of the Fenian raid is to be recognised in this country in a substantial manner.

M. THIERS arrived in London on Tuesday morning, and in the afternoon had an interview with Earl Granville; after which Earl Granville called upon Count Bernstorff at Prussia House, and also upon the Prime Minister at his private residence on Carlton House-terrace. M. Thiers is expected to remain in London till to-day (Saturday).

M. ROUBIER, his daughter, and son-in-law are in England; as are also the Duke de Gramont, M. Jerome David, Madame Canrobert, the Duke de Persigny, M. Baroche, the Duke and Duchesse de Mouchy, and the Princess de Metternich.

A REQUISITION is in course of signature inviting Mr. Charles Reed, M.P. for Hackney, to offer himself as a candidate for the chairmanship of the Board for the Metropolitan District, to be elected in November next.

MARSHAL M'MAHON has addressed to the French Ministry a letter, in which he announces that he had received permission from the Prussian Government to be removed to Pont-aux-Bois. The Marshal says he is a prisoner of war, and adds that within five or six weeks, when his wounds permit, he shall ask to be removed to some German town.

THE CATHOLICS in the south of England are getting up a memorial to the Pope, praying that his Holiness, if driven from Italy, will set up his Pontifical throne in Ireland.

A NEW FLOOR has been laid down in the great hall at the Queen's Concert Rooms, Hanover-square.

THE FRIENDLY SOCIETIES' MUSIC-HALL AT GRIMSBY was totally destroyed by fire on Sunday morning. No lives were lost.

THE NATIONAL EDUCATION LEAGUE has just issued an amended programme of the objects sought to be accomplished. The League has resolved to watch the progress of educational legislation in reference to the Irish system.

A FRENCH SQUADRON, consisting of four large ironclads, was seen outside the Goodwin Sands on Monday morning. The ships were steaming westward.

MISS EMILY FAITHFULL has been unanimously elected a juror in Class 15, Textile Fabrics, of the Workmen's International Exhibition.

HER MAJESTY'S GUN-BOAT TRAINCLO was run into on the night of Sept. 5 by the Spanish merchant steamer *Moratin*, and cut in two. The crew, with the exception of two men, appear to have escaped into the *Moratin*.

THE COUNCIL OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY have resolved on placing a bust of the late Mr. Maclellan in their hall. The commission for its execution has been entrusted to Mr. Edward Maclellan.

A REWARD of 500,000*fr.* is stated, had for many days been offered to anyone who could succeed in taking a message to Marshal Bazaine in Metz and bringing back his reply. One man very nearly performed the feat, but was taken and shot at the last moment.

THE OWNER OF BRASTED PARK, near Sevenoaks, contradicts the report that the place had been sold to the ex-Emperor of the French.

HAWTHORNDEN WON THE ST. LEGER on Wednesday, Kingcraft taking second place, and Wheatear third. Nineteen ran. The betting was 5 to 4 against Kingcraft, 100 to 6 against Wheatear, and 28 to 1 against Hawthornden.

LAND SITUATED NEAR FRESHWATER GATE, Yarmouth, Isle of Wight, is now selling at from £400 to £600 per acre. About forty years ago the price of land in this locality was only about £30 per acre.

A LARGE VESSEL, name unknown, was wrecked on the Goodwood Sands, on Saturday morning, and it is feared that the crew must have perished. The *Ramsgate* life-boat and steam-tug went out to render assistance, but found the vessel had broken up. On a piece of the wreck were the words "New York." The ship is believed to have been about 700 tons burden.

THE BIDEFORD FISHERMEN were, last Saturday, surprised by the appearance of a large shark, which had apparently ventured over the bar into the river; but, dissatisfied with its venture, was returning into deep water. The Glosely fishermen, a few days ago, caught three of a small shoal of sharks, while trawling in the bay. One of the sharks caught weighed above 50 lb.

MR. CARDWELL has in contemplation the establishment of a cavalry regiment at Woolwich, which will thus become a depot within the metropolitan area of all branches of the service. The proposal is to convert the late clothing stores into barracks and the adjacent gunsheds into stables, removing the control stores at present in these buildings either into some of the unused workshops of the dockyard, or to premises to be provided for the purpose in the Royal Arsenal.

A VERY BEAUTIFUL MONUMENT is about to be placed in Carlisle Cathedral, at a cost of £800, to the memory of the late Bishop of the diocese, Dr. Waldegrave, the joint design of Mr. Adams, the sculptor, and Mr. T. H. Watson, the architect. The figure, in statuary marble, will be recumbent, with rich canopied superstructure and solid foliated brass standards.

THE GLADSTONE STATUE, in St. George's Hall, Liverpool, was unveiled on Wednesday in the presence of a large assemblage, which included several of the prominent members of the British Association. The statue, which is of marble, by Mr. Acton Adams, cost about £5000, and was presented by the subscribers (of all shades of politics) to the Liverpool Corporation.

A FIRM OF IMPORTERS OF FRENCH WINES in Southampton have advertised in the newspapers of that town that, "in consequence of the behaviour of M. Auban Moet, Mayor of Epernay (of the firm of Moet and Chandon, of Epernay), on the Prussians approaching that town, we shall abstain in future from selling any wine marked with that brand. Our stock of Moet and Chandon's champagne will be forwarded to the French Committee of Aid to the French and German Soldiers."

SUBSCRIPTIONS IN IRELAND have hitherto been made towards the relief of the French wounded only, but recent events appear to have created a partial revulsion of feeling in the sister island. At a meeting at Riverstown, in the county of Cork, which was addressed by the parish priest, it was announced that the proceeds of the collection would be appropriated to the relief of the wounded of both armies.

ANOTHER MONT BLANC ACCIDENT, by which eleven persons are supposed to have lost their lives, is recorded in the *Journal de Genève*. The party consisted of three travellers—an Irishman and two Americans—three guides, and five porters. Two attempts were made to get at them, but were defeated by the severity of the tempest. No hope is entertained of their being alive. The supposition is that they were precipitated upon the Glacier Miage.

A DREADFUL EXPLOSION OF NITRO-GLYCERINE took place, on Sunday evening, near Greenock. During a shower of rain twelve youths entered a deserted smithy, in which one of them found a tin box about a foot square. He lifted it up and examined it, and saw what he thought to be a little oil. He then laid it down, but he had hardly done so when a companion struck the box with a hammer, and in an instant the whole building—a wooden one—was blown to atoms. Of the twelve youths only one was able to walk home. One was killed on the spot, another died on his way to the hospital, three have since died, and the recovery of five others is considered hopeless.

## THE LOUNGER.

ABOUT six weeks ago, Mr. Editor, not more, you and I had a pleasant dinner together in London, and, of course, our talk was mainly about the war. The Prussians had even then gained victories over their enemies, and we both augured that they would gain more. But did either of us imagine that such marvellous events would crowd themselves into the next six weeks? One French army entirely destroyed, the other *hors de combat*; the Emperor a prisoner, and dethroned; a Republic declared in France; the Prussians, about 400,000 strong, marching with no interruption to Paris; Victor Emmanuel's troops occupying the Roman provinces, soon to hold the capital city itself. Is not all this enough to take a man's breath away whilst he thinks of it? Your *Lounger* was educated in his youth in the Puritan school, and ever and anon the old Hebrew phrases come unbidden to his mind. "The judgments of God are abroad upon the earth," says a Hebrew writer; and surely this is true now. We may not believe that God interferences arbitrarily, as the old Hebrews believed, and as many good men still believe, but rather that His laws are so perfect that an infraction of them in the long run inevitably and inexorably brings down judgments upon the heads of those who are guilty of the infraction. But, anyhow, these are the judgments of God, and before them the stoutest heart may well be appalled—appalled before what we now see. But what is to be the end of all this? Good, no doubt; for the Great Ruler of the Universe, by the operation of his laws, is out of seeming evil ever educing good. But meanwhile what suffering, what misery, what horrors the civilised mind may be called to endure!

In addition to what was said in this column about the ex-Emperor's career last week, let this also be remembered. When he was living in London in that house in King-street which bears his name on the front, he was a poor man, and oft-times was pressed hard by money-lenders and the like; but he is now, unless Rumour lies, enormously rich. I do not believe that Rumour in this case does lie. That he is a very large holder of Consols is a fact well known—indeed, such a fact could not be concealed. No doubt he long since foresaw a possible end to his dynasty, either during his life or that of his son, and he wisely invested money where no revolutionary storm can touch it. Louis Philippe, it is said, did the same, and had his reward. When, therefore, the ex-Emperor shall join his wife and their son in England, as I suppose he will when Prussia shall deem it safe to release him, he will still be able to secure all that money can buy—and what is there that money, in this country, cannot buy? If Rumour speaks truly he is rich enough still to keep up the state of an Emperor; and if he and his wife shall wish for society, they may have plenty of it, even of the highest. If he were to come here poor and dependent society would soon forsake him, and, by forsaking him, allege his crimes. It may be thought by some of my simple countrymen, that, considering what he has done, how he wantonly and wickedly, for no cause whatever, invaded a peaceful country, and has caused more slaughter and suffering than was ever before in modern times concentrated in so short a period, not to mention the misery and suffering still for years to be endured, that English society, so moral, and so proud of its morality, would silently leave him to neglect and solitude. But it will not be so. My simple friends, would to Heaven, for the honour of my country, I could think that it will be so. But I cannot; for what happened in April, 1855—only four years after the diabolical and bloody coup-d'état? In that month the Emperor and Empress visited London; and did society stand aloof from them? I went to Charing-cross to see them pass by—not to greet them with cheers, you may be sure. No cheer, but something very unlike a cheer, escaped my lips. I went merely to see how they would be received. But, you may say, society was not there. But society was there, looking out of every window and waving its handkerchief. Besides, we know how society in its salons and ball-rooms received them; and as it was then, so it will be again.

I notice that all the Conservative papers which I get here and feel obliged to read are rating the English Government because it is doing nothing. The *Manchester Courier* is the only Conservative daily paper which circulates in the northern part of the Lake district, but at the railway stall I can buy the *Standard*, and I get a sight, too, of one or two weekly Conservative prints, and I observe that they all sing the same tune—England ought to interfere; but her Ministers are doing nothing. The *Courier* is very wrathful. "Now is the time," it says, "but nothing is done. But, then, what can you expect from such an incapable Government?" In Wednesday's paper we are told that the Government "don't stir a finger to stop the war from sheer incapacity to understand the difficulty." Ha! if, now, we had but Disraeli as Premier, Lord Stanley at the Foreign Office, with Sir John Pakington, and Mr. Ward Hunt, and Mr. Hardy, and Lord John Manners to advise! What a misfortune that at such a crisis the Tories are all out of office, and the incapables all in. But, perhaps, you will not think that it matters much what the *Courier* says when I tell you how in last Saturday week's paper it commented upon the intelligence that had then come to us from Sedan. Hear it:—"The Prussian official account, dated Varennes, Sept. 1, 9.30, states that the endeavours of Marshal M'Mahon to relieve Metz have been thoroughly frustrated by the operations of the last few days. If this were true at the moment, it is obviously untrue now, since, in spite of the thorough 'frustration' of M'Mahon's design, he seems to have succeeded in forcing back the Crown Prince's army, and to a certain extent in re-establishing his (M'Mahon's) position." This was written, no doubt, early on Saturday morning, and at that moment, as we all know, M'Mahon's army had capitulated and the Emperor surrendered. But this is not all. Further on we are told, "Whichever side may fairly claim the victory in the engagements of the past few days, it is beyond question that M'Mahon is now (Saturday morning) in a place of security under the guns of Sedan and Mézières." But enough of the *Manchester Courier*. Need we after this trouble ourselves much about its censures of the Government? Talk of "incapables"—was incapacity so crass ever manifested by a journalist before? But to return to the charge against the Government. Does one of its accusers know what it has done, or is doing? Do we any of us know? Pending serious negotiations, it is not the custom of the Foreign Minister to tell the world what he is doing. The truth is, as one cannot but observe, the Conservatives want a Minister who would be "prepared to support his opinion by force of arms." Thank Heaven! we have not such a Minister. Palmerston might have been the man; but he (may I say happily?) has gone to his rest.

I want to make the *amende honorable* to the *Daily News*. When Parliament was sitting, I censured its reporting arrangements; and I am not sure that I did not hint at a general mismanagement. Well, I am under such a deep debt of gratitude to the *Daily News* for its letters from the seat of war and its leaders upon the war—especially for its daily summary—that I must express a wish that the censure upon its general management may be forgotten. Whatever the weather may be, I always start, just before the arrival of the train from London, to get my *Daily News*; and never think of going to bed till I have drawn out of it all its information about the war. No paper that I see has been better served by its correspondents than this paper. In no paper have I found the news so well summarised, and no paper has given me clearer views of the actual position of affairs from day to day. I do not disparage other papers; indeed, there is scarcely a daily paper that has not achieved wonders. Many of the letters in the *Manchester Examiner* and *Times* is at times admirable. There is a letter in Wednesday's paper, headed "A Night Before Strasbourg," which reads very much like an extract from M.M. Erekmann-Chatrain's "Blockade;" and no higher praise can be given than this.

I am sorry, Sir, that these Parisian journalists will not let us



have done with them; they will go on talking and acting foolishly, and thereby provoking comment. Here are some of them doing what looks very like "showing the feather" when danger approaches: M. Emile de Girardin, for instance, who has done little during the last four years but abuse the Prussians and cry for war with them, making off from Paris directly they come inconveniently near it. He goes, he says, to a part of France unpolluted by the enemy; that is to say, where he will be out of harm's way, and where he may be able to abuse the "savages" still—at a safe distance. M. Villemessant, of the *Figaro*, it is said, is also gone to "a safe place." The writers in the *Gaulois* are paying the way for an hegira too, by declaring that the Prussian officers have all sworn to kill every man who was known to be connected with that venacious journal. Of course, men who are the objects of so unhalloved a league must be justified in making themselves scarce. Then, where is M. Granier de Cassagnac of the *Patrie*? He has gone away, it seems, and left no address; and with good reason, too, for did he not, only a week or two ago, threaten to shoot every man then on the Opposition benches, from M. Jules Favre downwards; and, measuring them by his own bushel, is he not wise in his day and generation by betaking himself to parts unknown now that these same men wield the power of France? What a contrast to the conduct of these fairweather heroes does that of M. Victor Hugo present! He may write somewhat too much in the *Bombastes* vein; but he goes where danger is; he does not fly from it. The journalists who run away are mean; those who stay are, if anything, meaner still. With the exception of a few irreconcilables, the Paris journalists applauded to the echo the ex-Emperor's policy in declaring war on Prussia, and now they one and all throw the whole blame on Napoleon; and not only so, but abuse him most scurrilously to boot. They kick the dead lion now, whose paw they licked most obsequiously two little months ago. Take, as a sample, the following paragraph from the *Paris Journal*, barely a month since most Bonapartist of the Bonapartists:—"EXECUTION OF BONAPARTE.—Bordeaux possessed an equestrian statue of his Majesty's invasion III.—a statue erected in commemoration of the celebrated lie, 'The Empire is peace.' The Bordeaux, on Sunday last, to the number of about 400, proceeded to the Allées de Tourny, where the statue is placed. They provided themselves with ropes, which they fixed round the body of the horse and the neck of the rider. After some vigorous pulling the statue, torn from its base, gave way, and in falling broke into a thousand fragments. All were anxious to have a piece of the bronze or of the cord, and some pieces of the latter were sold as the hanging-cord. A portion of the statue was dragged to the river-side." Republicans and Irreconcilables, who always boldly opposed the Emperor's system of government, are free to speak their minds of him now; but his own partisans—the party which was *particeps criminis* with him—might have the grace to be silent as to deeds which they encouraged him to do. Paris, the Parisians are fond of telling us, is the capital of civilisation; and I suppose we are to understand that Parisian journalists are types of civilised man. If so, commend me to barbarism, say I. Look at their conduct in regard to that Laon affair. I don't know whether the blowing up of the powder magazine there was premeditated or not—whether it was an accident or a deed of treachery; but the Paris newspapers, with the sole exception of the *Débats*, accepted it as the latter, and applauded wholesale murder as "sublime heroism." Had the garrison of Laon preferred to destroy their stronghold rather than yield it to an enemy; had they even, still fighting, enticed the Prussians to enter, and then blown them into the air, themselves perishing by the same deed, I would have heartily applauded their devotion, whatever I might have thought of their good sense. But to capitulate first and blow up afterwards, was simply treachery and murder. I do not say the military authorities at Laon did this; but I do say that the Parisian journalists, believing them to have done it, approved their conduct, and thereby made themselves participants in positive murder—in thought, at least, though they might possibly, from personal considerations, have shrunk from sharing in the actual deed. If this be the civilisation and heroism of Paris and France, once more I say, commend me to barbarism. There are great men, brave men, true men—many thousands of them—I doubt not, in France, and in Paris too; but I fear but few of them grace the ranks of Parisian journalism. I grieve much to write thus of men belonging to my own profession; but a sense of truth and regard for real civilisation is stronger with me, I hope, than mere *esprit du corps*, and compels me to speak out when I believe the interests of both truth and civilisation are in danger of being betrayed.

#### THE LITERARY LOUNGER. THE MAGAZINES.

Mr. Sutherland Edwards continues, with great vivacity and naturalness, his story of "Malvina" in the *Gentleman's Magazine*; and Mr. Joseph Hutton, his very pleasing reminiscences of the late Mark Lemon. But we feel, as we read the latter—at least, I personally feel—the want of some solid effigy of the man himself. All this gossip is very pleasing, but you don't feel the presence of the man, in spite of the fact that you are shown a great deal of his manner of life. Mr. Blanchard Jerrold's "Paris Under Arms" is a most unlucky paper, and one would be sorry indeed to believe that it represented any important section of feeling among our great, brave neighbours. Just read this:—

"Your turn is coming," a learned Frenchman said to me; "be certain of it. This is not the end of the Bismarck programme by any means. Observe what Prussia, Russia, and the United States can do, and may do, together. . . . You might have helped us, and you wouldn't; do you think that we shall let what may happen, stir a soldier to assist you, after this? The commercial gentlemen who govern you, and who are governed themselves by your aristocracy, don't like our progress, our profound love of letters and the arts—in short, our universal suffrage, and the rest of what they would call our revolutionary baggage; and so they have dragged you to the German side—and to your destruction eventually. For—we shall remember this; and should we be humiliated, it is you whom we shall hate. They may take you Canada, and cut you off from India; and we shall sit here, and read of it in the evening papers—and go home quietly to bed, with the paper in our pockets."

The notion that Englishmen of any class whatever, living in a country which is practically a democracy, envy the French the "universal suffrage" under which the Empire was a possibility at all, is so fantastically absurd that the "learned Frenchman" must have been mad as well as "learned." The whole tone of the speech is, besides, so mean and spiteful that we cannot help hoping and believing that Mr. Jerrold's "Frenchman" is a man of straw, dug out of his own moral consciousness. France has certainly not got less out of her alliance with England than England herself has got out of it; and France has no reason in the world to hate us. We did not actively interfere to prevent France invading Prussia. How, then, is France wronged because we do not attempt to prevent Prussia from invading her?

In the *Britannia* there are often some striking illustrations, and the magazine is very clearly printed; but, on the whole, it is not as good reading as it might be, and some of the "society" articles are lower in tone than I can remember to have ever seen in a respectable magazine before.

*London Society*—a periodical which has kept to its programme and has been usually well up to it—passes to Mr. Bentley's house; and Mr. Hogg, the late editor, starts a new periodical, to be entitled *English Society*. I wish it all success.

*Good Words for the Young* is as surpassingly good as ever, both in its literature and its illustrations. In *Good Words* Canon Kingsley's "Letters from the Tropics" are (style *choisi*) a most attractive feature.

In the line of running novels *Tinsley's* is very strong indeed. There is Mr. Justin McCarthy's "Lady Judith" (just commenced with great promise), Mr. Black's "Monarch of Mincing-lane," and Mr. Farjeon's "Joshua Marvel"—all of them thoroughly good. So are the "Chapters on a Chair," which are "a popular explanation of the laws of taste." Some of these "laws" are disputable, but the essays are good.

Talking about Mr. Black reminds me of something in one of his books that has a special interest just now. The English in general have but a very imperfect understanding of German gregariousness and patriotism—at least, in their war aspects. Such things seem to lie rather out of our track, or "line," or "mission," just now. Sterne's notion of the way to realise slavery was to "take a single captive;" and no doubt, in order to realise anything whatever, it is a good plan to take a single instance and try and enter into it. Some time ago a novel by Mr. W. Black, and entitled "Love or Marriage," was reviewed in this Journal, and the old Herr Major was warmly praised as a type new in English fiction. This Herr Major is an old Landwehr man, a widower, who has settled in England with his "canarien-vogel" (canary-bird) of a daughter, to whom he is devotedly attached. At the time of the Austro-Prussian war of 1866—with the history, episodes, and scenes of which Mr. Black has evidently a close personal familiarity—the struggle in the old Herr Major's bosom between his desire to stay with his daughter and his desire to join his comrades in battle breaks his heart, and he dies suddenly, just as he has finally resolved to do the latter, and has addressed a note to his canarien-vogel bidding her in writing the farewell he dared not to speak:—"They are all going down now," he muttered, "all going down to fight the old bigoted Austria—from Pommern, and Brandenburg, and Westphalen, and Posen, and Sachsen; all my brothers going down, and I remain here! . . . God, it is terrible. I cannot stay any longer. I should I did the moment I heard that an Austrian cannon had been fired and some of my brothers killed, and I here in England. . . . And my brothers will say, 'Oh! there is old Kirschenfeld. He knew how to fight once; he was a good Prussian once; he would have given up his life to our Germany at one time. But now he is an Englishman and a woman, and he stays at home. . . . My little girl, how can I remain at home, with all my people going to the war? How can I do it? Be not angry with me that from you I'—And there the pen stops, and the old brave dies. Then his daughter goes to Germany to see after a wounded friend. A German Major, who sees she is in mourning and learns that she has lost her father, asks, 'Your father, was he at Turnau or Gitschin?' And she answers, 'My father was no longer in the army; he had been a Major in the Landwehr. He was about to come here when he died.' 'What a shame was that!' said the officer earnestly, as if in reproach of Providence. 'If he was going to die, he should have been allowed to die with his comrades.' Your readers, Mr. Editor, will understand that I am pronouncing no ethical judgment in the matter of this form of patriotism or the part it is destined in the future to play, but simply calling attention to the most vivid picture in our literature of its peculiar intensity in the German race or (speaking with the fear of Huxley before my eyes) the German tribe.

#### THE THEATRICAL LOUNGER.

The past week will not be easily forgotten by your Lounger, dear Mr. Editor. Taking the good with the bad, my dramatic ledger is pretty evenly balanced, as a rule, at the end of the week; but "The Rapparee," "Julius Cæsar," and "The Idle Prentice" are enough to make one forewear theatre-going for a very considerable period. Poor dear dramatic art, how thou hast suffered during the last few days! what atrocities have not been perpetrated in thy name! These three novelties are really enough to turn your lively Lounger's hair grey. But "No matter!" as the melodramatic villains say, "a time will come!"

I must say that I think Mr. Boucicault ought to have known better. If there are two things in the world which Mr. Dion Boucicault can do better than most men they are, first, to write a good Irish romantic drama; and, secondly, to play a devil-may-care Irishman. But he has done neither the one nor the other. He has given us a pointless, ill-constructed, and lame play, and he has not modified the annoyance by playing an Irishman. There were fine notions, no doubt, running in Mr. Boucicault's head when he meditated "The Rapparee;" by fits and starts we get a suggestion of a good dramatic situation and a sentence or so written in the nervous and epigrammatic language of which the author of "Arrah-na-Pogue" and "London Assurance" is master. But the play is not good. Were it not for another fire by Mr. Lloyds and some charming landscape scenery—as good in its way as anything I have ever seen in my life—"The Rapparee" would have been ignominiously hooted off the stage. The actors have no chance, the author has lost his chance, and the scene-painter carries everything before him. "Oh, monstrous! but one halfpennyworth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack!" What is to be done when authors of Mr. Boucicault's power consent to write up to Mr. Lloyd's scenery and signify fail to make any impression? What chance has such a fine and intelligent actor as Mr. Hermann Vezin; such a painstaking, excellent, and promising young artist as Mr. John Clayton; such a clever fellow as Mr. Shiel Barry? Wherefore should Miss Katherine Rodgers take down her back hair and tear up the window-curtains? How hopeless are the struggles of such promising actors as Mr. Rayner, Mr. Rignold, Mr. Edgar, and Mr. Lilly! Mr. Boucicault has thrown them all over. He no longer writes for his company, to secure literary fame or to deposit another laurel crown at the feet of a charming muse. All these aspirations appear to be over. Mr. Boucicault is the slave to his Lloyds, and, so long as he can enjoy the luxury of hearing a coughing, stamping, excited, feverish audience after the explosion and the fire, he is content. And this is fame! The company did its best. Mr. Lloyds never did better; but "The Rapparee" is a drama which (if Mr. Boucicault cares at all in these latter days for the opinion and esteem of cultivated minds) the author must heartily regret he ever wrote.

I wonder how many in London ever saw a little play called "Le Joueur de Flûte," by Hervé, I think. It tells how a mighty conqueror, who has received every honour at the hands of his grateful country, is at last rewarded with the services of a flute-player, who goes before him on every possible occasion singing his praises. The fluteplayer is, of course, a terrible nuisance; and thoroughly disturbs, by his inevitable interference, the amours of the conqueror. The aforesaid fluteplayer makes love to a maid, and there are several funny scenes between them both. Let me now turn to "F.M. Julius Cæsar; or, the Irregular Run'up," the original burlesque written by Mr. F. C. Burnand to inaugurate Miss Hodson's management at the ROYALTY. Julius Cæsar is the conqueror; Trombonius the Sibicist is the flute-player awarded by a grateful country, who goes before Cæsar singing his praises. He disturbs the amours of Cæsar and Calpurnia. Finally he makes love to the maid Susa. Among other original morceaux in the burlesque will be found one of the best duets from "Cox and Box" and a well-known American University supper-song, called "Upidee," lately introduced into this country by an American gentleman. M. Hervé's jokes about the fluteplayer, Mr. Arthur Sullivan's pretty duet, and the American song "Upidee," are the only redeeming qualities the burlesque possesses. What Mr. Burnand, therefore, claims credit for I cannot imagine, unless it be the introduction of a dwarfed monstrosity into the second act, and a jagged and horribly-wounded man (by way of a joke) into the third. I really have hardly patience to write about such miserable stuff as this "Julius Cæsar." I know very well that Mr. Burnand can do funny and excellent work if he chooses to take pains; but there is no author who has done so much and is doing so much to disgust the public with the stage, and make the theatre an impossible haunt for any but lunatics and shopboys than Mr. F. C. Burnand. Have we yet arrived at the bitter end, or can the force of folly and buffoonery go further than "The Irregular Run'up"? A more painful and distressing evening for those who really have hoped and striven for the well-being of the stage than this three-act burlesque I cannot imagine. Of course, Mr. Burnand will write anything; but I begin to lose heart when managers or manageresses pay for such stuff and audiences still are tender-hearted enough not to resent such silly insults, as "Julius Cæsar."

Mr. H. B. Farnie writes for the STRAND for the first time; and

if he is no better, he is certainly no worse, than the burlesque-writers who have preceded him. Perhaps he is a little better, on the whole. His songs, at any rate, are above the average, with the exception of the nonsense-song, which, I confess, makes me absolutely sad. There is no more painful feeling to me than hearing a mild man, without a scintillation of fun or humour, attempting in a crowded drawing-room to be vastly witty over a bad comic song or a fearfully comic recitation. I have endured moments of keen agony at such exhibitions. The same kind of feeling I experience when Mr. Harry Paulton (a very clever little fellow, by-the-way) sings Mr. Farnie's nonsense song. I quite pity a fellow-man who is compelled night after night to struggle with such ghastly tomfoolery. But the Strand audience roars. For the rest, Mr. Farnie evidently writes to fit the company and to tickle the pit and gallery. The Strand audience is an exceptional one, and a little license is allowable. But Mr. Farnie must lop away woodcutter fashion at his work. A good half of the tree must come down, or it cannot possibly live. At least three scenes might be removed bodily. I was delighted with the acting of Miss Jenny Lee, a lady who, if I mistake not, will soon be the talk of the town: no (I beg pardon), that is precisely what she will not be. Miss Lee is a born artist, and she has exactly those qualities which are, alas! not appreciated either by the gentlemen who write for the stage or those who patronise it. If Miss Lee had interest with the photographers, and dreamy eyes, dyed hair and a profusion of it; if she blacked her eyebrows and painted her face, she would, no doubt, be in every album in town; but, as she is merely a clever woman, her claims will assuredly be unnoticed.

On Saturday we have "Innisfallen" at the LYCEUM, and "A Midsummer Night's Dream" at the QUEEN'S; Mr. Arthur Sketchley's comedy at the STRAND, and Mr. Andrew Halliday's "Amy Robsart" at DRURY LANE, are promised for the following week.

#### ALSACE AND LORRAINE AS A REPUBLIC.

The *Volks Zeitung* of Berlin lately broached the idea of rendering Alsace and Lorraine neutral territory, under a Republican form of government; and, in a second article on this subject, the same journal proceeds to say:—

At the present moment the incorporation of Alsace and Lorraine into Prussia or into any other German State would weaken Germany; while taking them from France and raising them to an independent State would tend to strengthen Germany and to weaken the military and aggressive power of France. The population of Alsace and of those districts of Lorraine which have retained the tongue of the Vaterland is essentially French in sentiment. It has no sympathy with Napoleonism or with centralisation. It is Republican. This Republican instinct in these quondam German provinces was generated during the great Revolution, and was welcomed and cultivated by the neighbouring States of Germany. Here the apostles of the great Revolution were greeted with exultation and rejoicing, until at length the people, in their mad intoxication, danced round the tree of liberty at Mayence. From here the kindled fervour spread along the left bank of the Rhine, and, gaining vigour as it spread, reached Baden and the Palatinate—thus causing the Republican risings of 1848. In Alsace and Lorraine, again, the rule of prefects is distasteful; and the power and influence of the priesthood are inert. The majority of the population professes the Protestant faith, inherits much of German love of self-government, and does not favour Imperialism. The people are French in sentiment, because from France they have received their education, civilisation, liberty, and commercial development. They foster a Republican spirit, because a large portion of their educated community are Swiss emigrants, a class who know full well how to value a liberty freed from centralisation.

If these provinces are taken from France, nothing would be easier than to form them into an independent Republic. They would compose a small State of mixed nationalities, as does Switzerland on the one side, and Belgium on the other. But this State must not be neutral, for a cordon of neutralities bar the way from Germany into France as effectively as from France into Germany. This Republic must be allied to, and must be under, the protection of Germany. Its annexation to France must, by the treaty of peace, be stringently prohibited, Germany guaranteeing the independence of the Republic in regard to France.

The question arises, Would the population of Alsace and Lorraine approve this proposal? We have no doubt they would. France has stoned sorely against them; and, whatever may be the ultimate fate of that country, a bright future is certainly far distant. Alsace and Lorraine, after having suffered so severely for the crimes of Paris, will not readily identify themselves with her destiny. A strong motive for the industrial part of the population to desire separation from France is ready to hand in the share they will have to pay of the war indemnity we shall exact. To be annexed to Germany or to remain a part of France would mean to these provinces the surrendering of their fields, vineyards, and towns as battle-fields for future possible wars. Are they likely to do this, while adjoining Belgium and Switzerland exhibit before their eyes the advantages of a quiet destiny? In both these States they can see how, under the blessing of a free Constitution, mingled nationalities live peaceably together, and thus avert the curse of a war of races and of national fanaticism.

Another question arises—whether such a Republic would possess any political danger for Germany. A few years since all Conservatives would have recoiled from such a possibility. Times have changed. A Spanish Republic has not been looked upon as a European danger, and thinking men will see in a Republican Constitution for France the best means for its internal activity and external security. In Republican Switzerland Germany finds strong sympathisers. The small Republics of Hamburg and Bremen are less opposed to the North German Confederation than Frankfurt, which, by annexation to Prussia, has become Monarchical; while in the great American Republic Germany counts her staunchest and truest partisans.

German unity—which may now reasonably be hoped for—has nothing to fear from an Alsace-Lorraine Republic. Nor does German liberty, the main condition of unity, see any snare in a Republican institution. If in 1848 free Belgium was less stirred by the Republican storm than any other European State, free Germany will certainly not be shaken by the breath of the little Republic under its protection.

Alsace and Lorraine, as an independent Republic, should form the boundary line of Teutonic and Latin culture. These provinces had been torn by violence from German rule; the populations had, by degrees, voluntarily abandoned their sympathies for a then decaying German Empire and transferred them to France. But Germany is now the equal of France in culture, and the probabilities are that Germany will rise still higher in national and political life, while the decadence of her rival will be manifested in an equal degree. Thus, upon the boundaries of the two nations, these erst German States may become an *claque* of the future. On the day of victory in the contest between French and German progress, Alsace and Lorraine may again be German, and we shall then have the strongest reason to say—it belongs to Germany!

MEETINGS ON THE WAR.—Mr. Edmond Beales presided, last Saturday evening, over a great public meeting in St. James's Hall, "to give effect to the views of English workmen on the present disastrous war." Resolutions were passed calling for the restoration of the French Republic as being calculated to secure to Europe the blessings of permanent peace, urging the people of France to make every honourable endeavour to obtain peace, and inviting all civilised and Christian peoples to insist upon the abolition of standing armies and the settlement by arbitration of all international disputes. There was a Republican demonstration in Hyde Park last Saturday afternoon, over which Mr. George Odger presided. An "Address of the Workmen of England to the People of France" was adopted. It congratulated the French on having "swept away a cruel, dishonest, and tyrannical dynasty;" and in recalling the declaration of the King of Prussia, that he was not fighting against France, but against the Emperor Napoleon, the address expressed a hope that the King would not break a pledge so solemnly given. A resolution was also passed requesting the British Government at once to acknowledge the French Republic, to insist upon an armistice, and to propose a settlement of the war by impartial arbitration.

HALF-PENNY POSTAGE LABELS AND STAMPED NEWSPAPER WRAPPERS.—The following notice to newspaper proprietors and newsgates has been issued from the General Post Office:—"In connection with the reduction in the rates of postage on inland newspapers, printed matter, and patterns or samples, which will take effect on and from Oct. 1, halfpenny postage labels, and newspaper-wrappers bearing an impressed halfpenny stamp will be introduced. A supply of each is in course of issue to head postmasters in the country, and to the district offices and receiving offices in London. Previously to Oct. 1 the sale of these labels and wrappers will be confined to newspaper proprietors and newsgates, who might possibly be inconvenienced were time not allowed for preparation; but as the reduction of postage does not commence before Oct. 1, anything bearing a halfpenny stamp posted before that date will be treated as unpaid. Newspaper proprietors and newsgates, by applying to a head postmaster, will be able to obtain at very short notice any quantity of these labels or wrappers. The wrappers (the dimensions of which are 14 in. by 5 in.) will be sold at the following prices:—500 for £1 2s. 6d., 100 for 4s. 6d., 60 for 2s. 3d., 25 for 1s. 1d., 10 for 5d., 5 for 3d., 2 for 1d., 1 for 0d.; and a discount of one per cent will be allowed to persons purchasing at one time not less than £10 worth of either labels or wrappers. Newspaper proprietors and newsgates who may desire to have their own wrappers or papers impressed with the halfpenny stamp must make application, not to the Post Office, but to the Commissioners of Inland Revenue. Wrappers must be of white paper.





GERMAN TROOPS APPROACHING SEDAN BEFORE THE LAST GREAT BATTLE.

## WAR SKETCHES.

SEDAN AND MONTMÉDY.

SEDAN, where the final collapse of M'Mahon's army occurred, is a communal and fortified town in the department of the Ardennes. It stands on the Meuse, about eleven miles E.S.E. of Mézières. The town is defended by a strong citadel, and is well built, though some of the streets are irregular. The houses are good, and substantially built of stone. The town contains several churches, a communal college, a school of design, a theatre, a public library, large barracks, military stores, an arsenal, and a military hospital. In the principal square there is a bronze statue of Turenne, who was born here, in 1611. The citadel is at the south-east extremity of the town. Sedan is—or should we say was?—the centre of an extensive manufacture of woollen goods, and also produced hosiery, leather, arms, hardware, barrels, beetroot sugar, and linen

yarn. In order to facilitate navigation, a canal has been formed along the left bank of the Meuse. The population numbers about 15,500. Sedan was long an independent principality, and was united to France during the reign of Louis XIII. It was the seat of a celebrated Protestant University, which subsisted till the revocation of the Edict of Nantes.

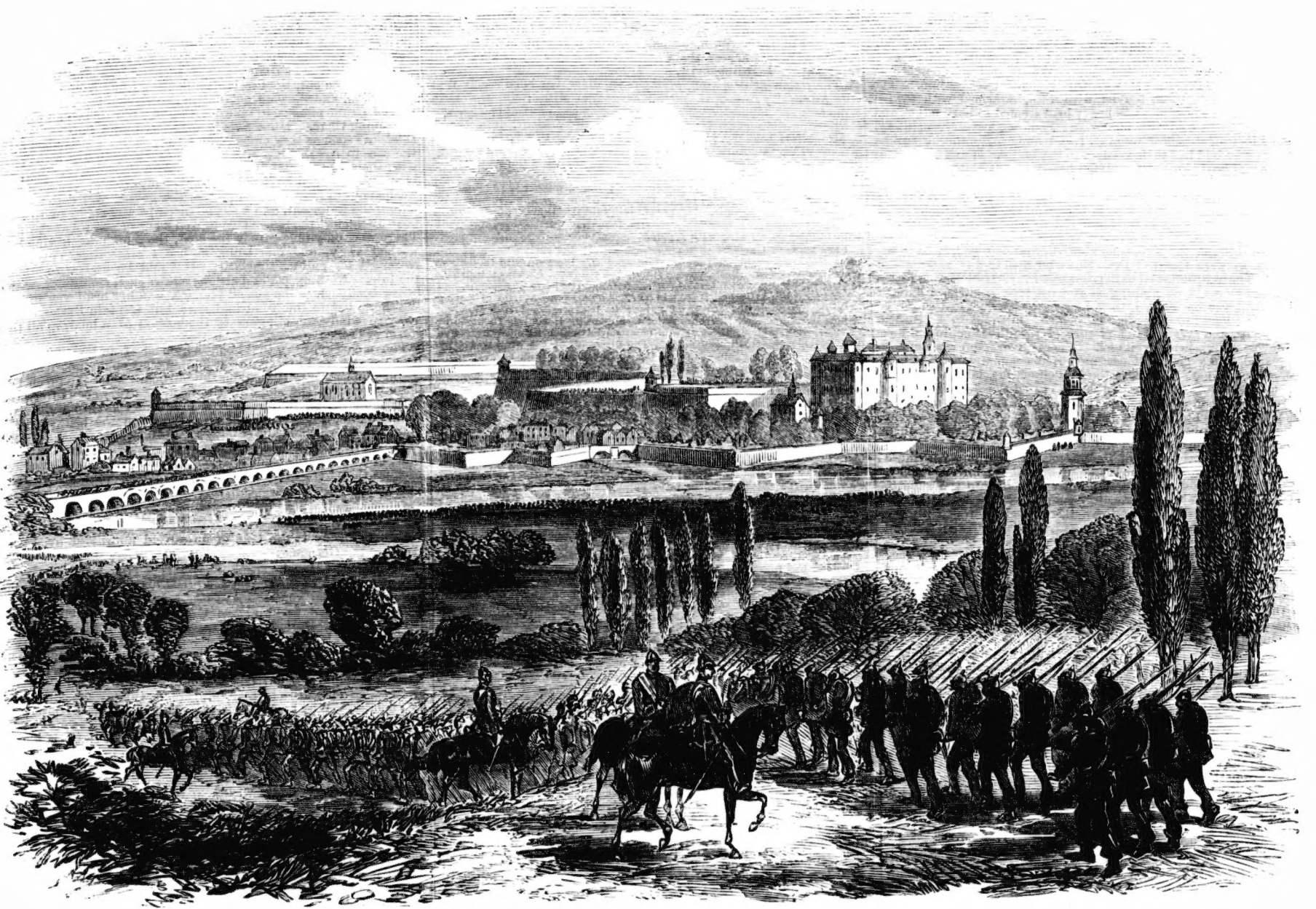
Montmédy, also a fortified town and commune, stands on the river Chiers, in the department of the Meuse, twenty-five miles north of Verdun. It is defended by extensive outworks, and has barracks, military hospital, &c. Its population is about 2700; it has manufactures of oilcloth, hosiery, and leather. There are some gypsum quarries in the neighbourhood. Though a much smaller place than Sedan, it is likely to give the Germans a good deal of trouble. After the capitulation of M'Mahon's army, Montmédy was summoned to surrender, and, on refusing, was bombarded; but the German leaders do not seem to have thought

it worth while to besiege the place in a regular fashion, for they almost immediately withdrew after destroying a part of the town.

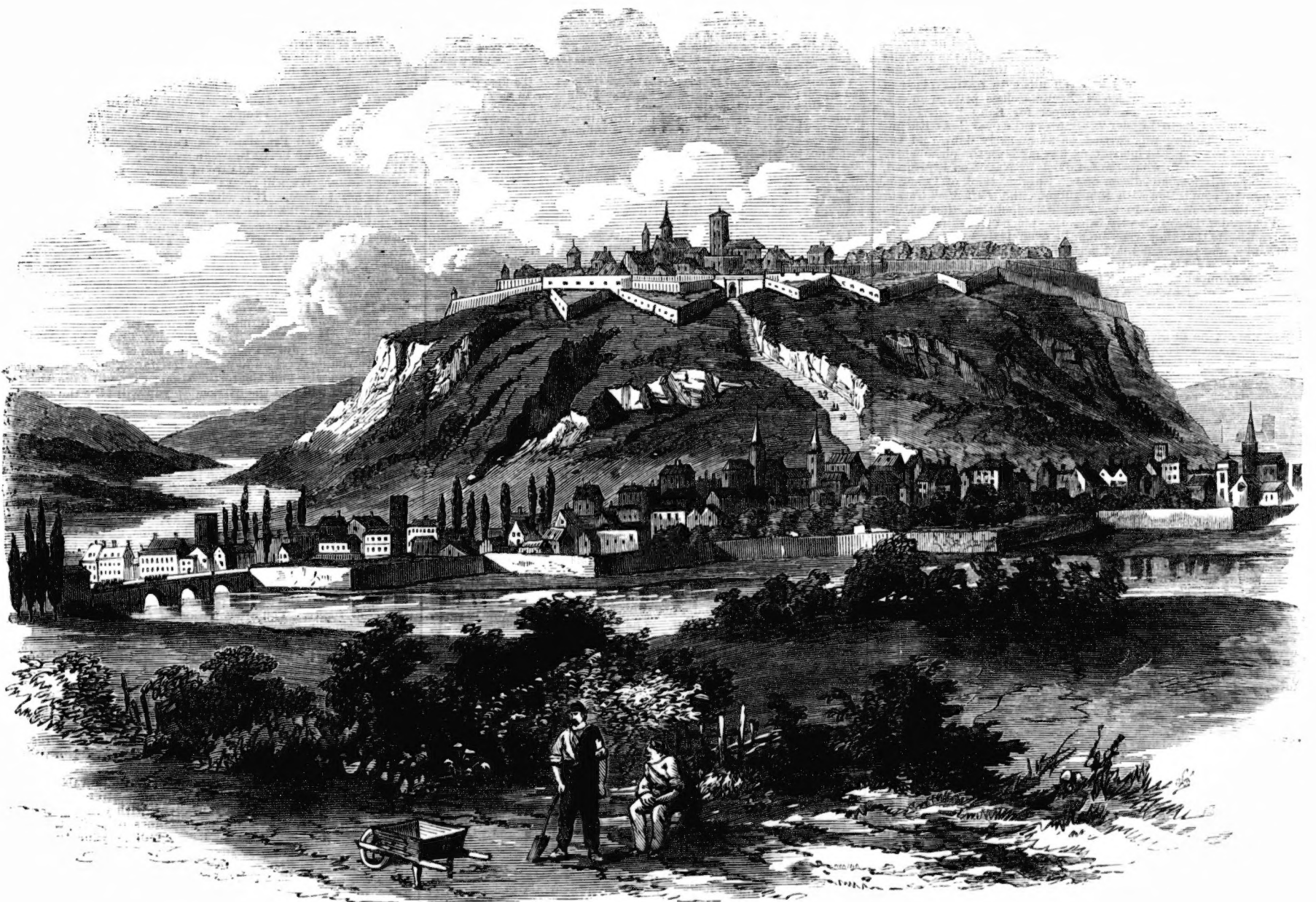
Speaking of Sedan, a correspondent, who wrote immediately after the surrender, says:—"The fortifications are strong, and are mounted with heavy guns; but the whole place is small and cramped for the immense number of defenders forced to retreat upon it. One glance at the interior of Sedan shows that surrender was inevitable; but what a surrender! What a wreck and ruin of a fine army! Weapons of all sorts are piled in heaps under the rampart. Saddles and buckles, straps and accoutrements are trampled in the mud. Round the statue of the great Turenne, in the public place, are scores of Government waggon and hundreds of horses and mules that have changed masters in the last few days. Turenne, the lord of Sedan, who ravaged the Palatinate, stands in effigy among the ruin of the French army. Wounded men are

gathered round him in every house where lodging can be found for them—men enough to make by themselves a fine force if they were all on their feet again. Sedan, with its fifteen thousand inhabitants, its shops, and its hotels, seems quite a capital city after the villages among which we have been living. But the shops are only half opened, the hotels have most unfashionable guests, business may be described as at a standstill. Here, in the Rue-Napoleon, is a wagon full of wounded soldiers being drawn almost on to the pavement that a dead horse, frightfully mangled by a shell, may be dragged past to be buried. All the dead men who lay in the streets have been removed; but the dead horses are not quite disposed of, and as to the hills behind the wall, there are unburied men and horses upon them by the hundred. It is well that the weather is cool, or there would be danger of pestilence." Some further details of the state of Sedan after the





SEDAN, THE SCENE OF THE DEFEAT AND SURRENDER OF THE FRENCH ARMY.



THE TOWN AND FORTRESS OF MONTMEDY.



French disaster are given by Herr Wachenhusen, who, writing from Balan, near Sedan, on the 3rd inst., to the *Cologne Gazette*, says:—"The small drawbridge was already let down, and a number of men and women hastened towards us, asking whether the Prussians would allow them to pass. The walls were empty; not a soldier to be seen on them. A peasant woman was standing like a sentry, with an umbrella under her arm, on the wall over the gate, probably seeking her son. We passed in unmolested. 'Prussians! Prussians!' was the general exclamation. The narrow, dirty streets, soaked with rain, swarmed with townspeople, from whose hearts a heavy load seemed to have fallen, and with unarmed soldiers—Turcos and Zouaves, cavalry, artillery, and Line, all streamed together; and amidst the throng rushed horses who had lost their masters in the battle. It was a frightful chaos. The townspeople seemed happy to have escaped a bombardment. The soldiers were evidently glad to be free from their weapons. Many had thrown them into the moat. A cavalry soldier was engaged before us in thrusting his sword into a sewer. At our request, soldiers were ordered to conduct us through the mud and the crowd of French troops to the citadel. As we pressed through the streets no abusive word was addressed to us, though we were the first Prussians who had to-day entered the place. The troops allowed us to pass peacefully. If M'Mahon really declared he could do nothing more with such soldiers, I endorse it. And yet on Sept. 1 they had fought with great bravery. After a long promenade, in which loose horses rushed against us, and everywhere a picture of the direst confusion met our eyes, we reached the citadel. General Baurmann was already displaced, and a Saxon officer appointed commandant. It was interesting to me to talk with the French officers in the court of the citadel, while the other gentlemen visited the wounded. 'You have an excellent artillery,' said a French officer to me; and truly they have reason to speak of it. I noticed among the officers no depression or military shame at so contemptible an end of their army, and I naturally avoided touching on the subject. They complained of great lack of provisions. Everything convinced me that the fortress had not been provisioned for an emergency. After an hour we went out of the inner fortress into the suburb. The soldiers had already formed in companies, in order, after surrendering their weapons, to leave the place and repair to the appointed rendezvous. At noon, on leaving Balan to visit General Scholer, my way took me through the desolation which our artillery had caused on the road from the still burning Bazailles. There lay the horses of the ammunition-waggons which our artillery had shattered; the waggons lay like barricades, with the dead horses in the path. There also lay the corpses of three unfortunates whom the Bavarian soldiers had shot yesterday noon—two peasants and a woman even, found with gun in hand. The wretches had shot at the Bavarians from a cellar. I am told, moreover, a priest has been shot who fired on the soldiers from the church. Much may happen on the part of soldiers heated by battle which is not to be approved; but the fury of some peasants goes so far that, after twenty of them had yesterday been led bound through the streets, our soldiers were fired at this afternoon from a house in Remilly. And yet the pretty village of Bazailles, now burnt to ashes, is a fearful warning! In spite of the hateful civilisation for which the provinces are indebted to the Second Empire, officers assure me that on entering the peasants' houses they were met by cries of 'Long live the Emperor!' and women in their presence kissed the Emperor's likeness. The number of these adherents it is difficult to judge, where the prudent conceal their opinions and the thoughtless express them with musket shots. The Mobiles, who are everywhere organised, are treated by our soldiers as regular troops; but the peasants, who fire from the windows, are generally shot without ceremony, as halters are wanting. Many of them appear incited to such revenge through seeing themselves brought to beggary, and patriotism has, therefore, nothing to do with it. The officers in Sedan carefully avoid Napoleon's name."

The battle-ground of the present campaign, as a correspondent of *Notes and Queries* reminds us, attained early celebrity in connection with typography. Metz was one of the first towns which practised the art of printing, and the ancient works which came from its press are very numerous. Strasbourg is asserted to have been for some years the home of John Gutenberg, although no dated book is extant of an earlier year than 1471. Toul is to be noted as the place at which one of the first attempts at stereotyping was made. The Sedan editions compete with the Elzevirs in the estimation of book-collectors, and are beautiful examples of minute typography. Kehl was the ultimate resting-place of Baskerville's type, with which M. Beaumarchais printed an edition of Voltaire's works on blue paper for King Frederick of Prussia, "who laboured under weakness of the eyes." At Rheims and Verdun printing was carried on at an early date, and the latter place has a special interest as having been the place where the English prisoners who were detained by Napoleon I. printed, with his permission, an edition of the English Book of Common Prayer. In connection with this subject, the *Pull Mall Gazette* remarks that there seems to be some little doubt whether we derived our sedan-chairs directly from the place of that name, for Evelyn asserts that they were brought from Italy by Sir Sanders Duncombe, and the word may, perhaps, be related to the Italian *sedente*. This point is as knotty as that connected with the kindred word coach, on which volumes have been written, supporting the rival claims of Kottsee, a Hungarian town, and the French *coucher*.

**THE EDUCATION QUESTION.**—The objects—in addition to those in the original programme—for which the organisation of the National Education League is to be carried on have just been decided upon, and are as follows:—1. To assist in putting the Education Act in operation so as to secure, as far as possible, the establishment of unsectarian, compulsory, and free schools. 2. To promote amendments in the Education Act by converting the permissive into obligatory clauses, and securing the recognition of the principle of equality in rate-aided schools. 3. To resist the increase of Parliamentary grants to sectarian schools. 4. To watch the progress of educational legislation in reference to the Irish system. 5. To influence public and Parliamentary opinion by meetings, publications, petitions, and all other available means, in favour of a national, unsectarian, compulsory, and free system of education; and, with this view, to secure the return of members of the House of Commons pledged to support the principles advocated by the league."

**LAON.**—Laon, which has just been taken by the Prussians, was the scene of an engagement between the forces of Napoleon I. and Blücher on March 9, 1814. Napoleon attacked Blücher in his position at that fortress, where the elevated ground on which the city is situated was occupied by the corps of General Bulow, while the remainder of Blücher's army was posted on the plain below, to the right and left of the town. Before daylight the French advanced under cover of a thick fog and obtained possession of two villages in the suburbs of the place. When the fog cleared away they were observed to be in force behind the villages, with columns of infantry and cavalry on the causeway towards Soissons. They were soon repulsed from the nearest villages, and Blücher ordered the cavalry from the rear to advance and turn their left flank, while a part of Bulow's corps was ordered to drive them from the other village. During these operations a column of the enemy, consisting of sixteen battalions of infantry, with cavalry and cannon, were despatched advancing along the causeway from Rheims. General D'York, with Sachsen to support him, was directed to oppose them, and the battle here became general and decisive. The French opened a battery of forty or fifty pieces of artillery, and were moving forward on a *pas de charge* when they were met by Prince William of Prussia, and overthrown. Their retreat soon became a flight, in which they lost cannon, baggage, and prisoners. The pursuit continued as far as Corbeny. On the right the Prussians gained no other advantages than the expulsion of the French from the villages. The attack on the right was renewed on the next day, March 10, and continued during the whole of it. The French at one time had pushed to the village of Semilly, close to the walls of Laon, whence they were driven by a battalion of the Prussians. They bivouacked on the field, but in the morning began a retreat on the road to Soissons, pursued by the advance guard of the allies. The absence of the corps of D'York, Sachsen, and Kleist, which were pursuing the remainder of the column that had advanced from Rheims, prevented any further active operations. The result of the actions of these days was the capture by the allies of forty-eight pieces of cannon and between 5000 and 6000 prisoners, and the retreat of the French at all points. Napoleon in person was their commander in the attack on the right and centre, and Marmont and Arrighi were those of the advance from Rheims.—*Pull Mall Gazette*.

#### LOSS OF H.M.S. CAPTAIN.

HER MAJESTY'S ironclad turret-ship Captain, of which such high hopes were entertained, has foundered at sea, and, sadder still, the whole crew, except eighteen persons, have perished, and with them Captain Cowper Coles, the inventor of turret-ships and designer of the Captain, as has likewise a son of Mr. Childers. Captain Burgoyne, of the Captain, was the only son of Field Marshal Sir John Burgoyne.

The following despatch, giving particulars, has been received at the Admiralty from Admiral Sir Alexander Milne:—

Lord Warden, at Sea, off Cape Finisterre, Sept. 7, 1870.

Sir,—It has been my painful duty to forward by H.M.S. steam-vessel Psyche to Vigo the following telegram, transmitted to the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, reporting the sad loss of H.M.S. Captain with all hands, viz.:—

"Very much regret sending painful news. Captain must have foundered in the night. She was close to this ship at two this morning; sudden S.W. gale. Very heavy squalls. Daybreak. Captain missing. This afternoon her boats and spars found. Crew unfortunately perished. Inconstant sails to-morrow morning with report."

I beg leave to transmit to their Lordships full and early details of this most disastrous event, and I therefore send the Inconstant to Devonport with this despatch. Yesterday morning, the 6th inst., I went on board to inspect the Captain, with Captain Brandreth and my Flag-Lieutenant, and visited most minutely every part of her. At one p.m. a trial of sailing with the ships of the squadron named in the margin (Lord Warden, Minotaur, Agincourt, Northumberland, Monarch, Hercules, Inconstant, Warrior, Bellerophon, Bristol) was commenced and continued until five o'clock, when the recall was made. The direction of the wind was S. by W. Force about 6 knots—some of the ships carrying their royals during the whole time, Captain included. At six o'clock the breeze had freshened, and the trial of the Captain, which at first was 9½ knots, increased to an average from 11 knots to 13 knots. The sea was washing over the lee side of her deck, as she had a swell on her lee bow, the lee gunwale of deck being level with the water. I returned to the Lord Warden at 5.30 p.m.

Being close to the rendezvous (twenty miles west of Cape Finisterre) the squadron was again formed with eight divisions—the Lord Warden, Minotaur, and Agincourt, Agincourt leading, the Captain being next astern of the Lord Warden. The signal was also made to take the two reefs and send down the royal yards, and the ships stood to the west-north-west under double reefed topsails, foretopmast staysail, and foresail topgallant sails furled, steam ready to be used as required; force of the wind about 6 to 7.

At eight and ten p.m. the ships were on station, and there was no indication of a heavy gale, although it looked cloudy to the westward. At eleven the breeze began to freshen with rain. Towards midnight the barometer had fallen and the wind increased, which rendered it necessary to reef; but before one a.m. the gale had set in at south-west; our square sails were furling. At this time the Captain was astern of this ship, apparently closing under steam. The signal "Open order" was made, and at once answered; and at 1.15 a.m. she was on the Lord Warden's starboard or lee quarter, about six points abaft the beam. From that time till about 1.30 a.m. I constantly watched the ship; her topsails were right close reefed, or on the lap; her foremast was close up (the mainmast having been furling at 5.30 p.m.), but I could not see any fore and aft set. She was keeping over a good deal to starboard, with the wind on her port side. Her red bow light was all this time clearly seen. Some minutes after I again looked for her light, but it was thick with rain, and the light was no longer visible. The squalls of wind and rain were very heavy, and the Lord Warden was kept, by the aid of the screw and after-trysails, with her bow to a heavy cross sea, and at times it was thought that the sea would have broken over her gangways. At 2.15 a.m. (the 7th inst.) the gale had somewhat subsided, and the wind went round to the north-west, but without any quail; in fact, the weather moderated, the heavy bank of clouds had passed to the eastward, and the stars came out clear and bright; the moon, which had given considerable light, was setting. No large ship was seen near us where the Captain had been last observed, although the lights of some were partly at a distance. When day broke the squadron was somewhat scattered, and only ten ships instead of eleven could be discerned, the Captain being the missing one. We bore up for the rendezvous thinking she might have gone in that direction, but no large vessel being in sight from the masthead I became alarmed for her safety, because, if disabled, she ought to have been within sight, and if not disabled in company with the squadron, and I signalled the following ships to proceed in the direction indicated, to look out—viz., Agincourt, by the S.W.; Monarch, S.; Warrior, S.E.; Inconstant, S.E.; Hercules, S.E.; Northumberland, E.; Bristol, N.E.; Bellerophon, to the north by east. Minotaur also went N.E. These vessels proceeded about ten to eleven miles, but nothing was seen of the missing ship.

The greater part of the ships were recalled and formed in line abreast, and steered at three or four cables apart, by the south-east, looking for any wreck. The Monarch first picked up a topgallant-sail of the Captain, the Lord Warden another, with sails bent. Then some studding-sail booms; and on the Psyche joining me from Vigo at sunset she reported having passed two cutters painted white, bottom up, with a large amount of wreck, apparently the hurricane-deck, amongst which was found the body of a seaman, with "Rose" marked on his flannel.

I have thus stated all that occurred under the eyes of the Flag Captain and myself; and I much regret to say that I can come to no other conclusion than that the Captain foundered with all hands on board, probably in one of the heavy squalls between 1.30 and 2.15 a.m. of this morning (7th inst.), at which time a heavy cross sea was running; but how the catastrophe occurred will probably never be known. I had the most perfect confidence in Captain Burgoyne, Commander Sheephanks, and the executive officers with whom I had come in contact. Captain Burgoyne himself was a thoroughly practical seaman, and it is impossible that the Captain could have been better commanded. The service will mourn the loss of an officer of such ability and promise. I regret, also, Captain Coles should have shared the same fate. He had been several passages in his newly-constructed ship, and took a deep interest in all that concerned her.

I greatly deplore the sad event, which has cast a deep gloom on the whole squadron.—I have, &c., (Signed) A. W. MILNE, Admiral.

The following persons who escaped and landed at Corcubion, north of Cape Finisterre, on the evening of the 7th inst., have arrived in England:—Mr. James May, gunner; James Ellis, gunner's mate; Lewis Werry, captain foretop; James Harvey, second captain foretop; George Bride, coxswain of the pinnace; Charles Tregan, leading seaman; John Heard, Robert Hirst, William Laurence, David Dryburgh, and John Walker, able seamen; James Freeman, Henry Grange, Robert Tomlinson, and Thomas Kernan, ordinary seamen; Francis Merryman, James Saunders, and John Gribble, boys (first class). They state that the ship turned bottom up in a heavy gale of wind, and went down in three minutes.

John Gribble, first-class boy, says that he was just passing round the captain in mustering for his watch, after the ship had made the first lurch to leeward, when he heard Captain Burgoyne sing out, "How many degrees does she heel now?" The answer came, "Eighteen." The ship kept on heeling over, and never came up again. Went out on the weather foretop-sail-brace on the hurricane-deck, to haul on and round in on the topsail, sheets being let go. Saw the sea roll over the hurricane-deck hammock-netting, and was jammed by it under the hammock-cloth. Could remember nothing more until he was picked up, with another of the men saved, by the second launch.

Robert Hirst, able seaman, was stationed on the forecastle, and mustered with the starboard watch. There was a strong wind, and the ship was then under her three topsails, double reefs in each, and the foretopmast staysail. The yards were braced sharp up, and the ship did not seem to have much way upon her. As the watch were mustered, heard Captain Burgoyne give the order, "Let go the foretopmast halliards;" followed by "Let go fore and main topsail sheets." By the time the men got to the topsail sheets the ship was heeling over to starboard so much that the men were washed away off the deck, the ship lying down on her side as she was gradually turning over, and trembling with every blow which the short jumping seas (the sea now was white all round with the squall) struck her, and the roar of the steam from the funnel roaring horribly above everything, and continuing to do so even when under water. Hirst, with two other men, rushed to the weather forecastle netting and jumped overboard, and immediately afterwards they found themselves washed on to the bilge of the ship's bottom, but had no sooner got there than the ship went down. Hirst and his companions went down with the ship, but the next feeling of consciousness by the former was coming in contact with a floating spar, to which he tied himself with his black silk neckerchief. He was soon afterwards, however, washed away from the spar, but got hold of the stern of the second launch, which was floating as it was stowed on board the ship—the second being stowed inside the first launch, the galley inside the second launch, and a canvas

cover laced over and lashed round all. Other men were there on the top of the canvas covering. Then fell in with the steam life-boat pinnace (built by J. S. White, East Cowes, Isle of Wight), bottom up, with Captain Burgoyne and a number of men on her bottom, but could not distinguish how many. Four men, of whom Mr. May, the gunner, proved to be one, jumped from off the bottom of the steam-pinnace to the canvas covering of the galley and launches. The canvas was immediately cut away, the galley thrown out, the first launch floating away from underneath the second, and the oars got out in the second launch to pull up to the steam-pinnace to take off Captain Burgoyne and the men remaining there. Hirst says it was soon found impossible to do this. As soon as they endeavoured to get the boat's head up to the sea to row her up to windward to where the capsized boat, with their captain and few shipmates with him, was floating, the boat was swamped level to her thwarts and two of the men were washed out of her. The pump was set going, and caps used for baling the water out, and a second attempt was made to row the boat up against the sea. This proved as unsuccessful as the first. There were only nine oars in the boat, the remainder having been washed away, and one being in use for steering, only eight remained for pulling the boat. It would be useless to prolong the tale. Nothing could be done under such conditions, with a heavy boat such as the second pinnace, and her head was put for the shore before the wind and sea; but Captain Burgoyne was away to windward, clinging to the bottom of a boat, in all that storm of broken waters.

The men say, also, that about a quarter of an hour after their boat bore up for Finisterre after finding they could not reach the steam-pinnace, they sighted on the starboard hand the green bow light of one of the ships of the fleet, and very soon afterwards both the red and the green bow lights of the ship were seen. About 5 a.m. Finisterre light was seen from the boat, and Mr. May, the gunner, and the seamen soon afterwards landed a little to the southward of the lighthouse. They stayed there for some time, and afterwards made a ten miles' rough walk to Corcubion, whence they were eventually taken by a boat sent ashore from the Monarch.

#### VICTOR HUGO ADDRESSING "BUNCOMBE."

THE following is the text of an appeal addressed by Victor Hugo to the Germans:—

"Germans,—He who speaks to you is a friend. Three years ago, at the time of the Exposition of 1867, from the retreat of my exile, I welcomed you into your city. What city? Paris. For Paris belongs not to us alone; Paris is yours as much as ours. Berlin, Vienna, Dresden, Stuttgart, are your capitals; Paris is your centre. It is in Paris that the beating of Europe's heart is felt. Paris is the city of cities. Paris is the city of men. There has been an Athens, there has been a Rome, and there is a Paris. Paris is nothing else but one immense hospitality. To-day you come back to it. How? Like brothers, as three years ago? No; as enemies. Why? What is this sinister misunderstanding? Two nations have made Europe. These two nations are France and Germany. Germany is for the West what India is for the East—a sort of great ancestor. We venerate her. But what is the matter, and what does this mean? To-day this Europe, which Germany has constructed by her expansion, and France by her enlightenment, Germany wishes to undo. Is it possible? Can Germany wish to undo Europe by mutilating France? Can Germany wish to undo Europe by destroying Paris? Reflect. Why this invasion? Why this savage effort against a brother people? What have we done to you? This war, does it come from us? It is the Empire which desired it, it is the Empire which made it. The Empire is dead. It is well. We have nothing in common with this corpse. It is the past: we are the future. It is hatred: we are sympathy. It is treason: we are loyalty. It is Capua and Gomorrah: we are France. We are the French Republic. Our motto is, 'Liberty, Equality, Fraternity.' We inscribe on our flag, 'United States of Europe.' We are the same people as you. We have had Vergingetorix as you have had Arminius. The same fraternal ray, mark of sublime union, pierces through the German heart and the French soul.

"This is so true that we speak to you thus:—If by mischance your fatal error drive you to the extremest violence; if you come to attack us in this august city, confided in some sort by Europe to France; if you besiege Paris, we shall defend ourselves to the last extremity, we shall strive against you with all our strength; but we declare to you that we shall continue to be your brothers. And your wounded—do you know where we shall put them? In the palace of the nation. We have already assigned as the hospital for wounded Prussians the Tuileries. There will be the ambulance of your brave Prussian soldiers; it is there our women will be to succour and take care of them. Your wounded shall be our guests. We will treat them loyally, and Paris will receive them in her Louvre. It is with this feeling of fraternity in our hearts that we shall accept your war.

"But this war, Germans; what sense is there in it? It is finished; for the Empire is finished. You have killed your enemy, who is also ours; what more do you want? You come to take Paris by force. But we have always offered her to you with love. Let not the gates be closed against you by the people who, in all ages, have held out to you their arms. Deceive not yourselves about Paris—Paris loves you, but Paris will fight you; Paris will fight you with all the formidable majesty of her glory and of her mourning. Paris, threatened with this brutal violation, may become terrible. Jules Favre has told you eloquently, and we all repeat to you—expect an indignant resistance. You will take the fortress—you will find the fortification; you will take the fortification—you will find the barricade; you will take the barricade, and then, perhaps—who knows what patriotism in distress may commit?—you will find the mined sewers that will blow entire streets into the air. You will have to accept this terrible decree: to take Paris stone by stone, to murder Europe there, to kill France in detail, in each house; and this great light, you will have to extinguish it soul by soul. Stop!

"Germans! Paris is formidable. In presence of Paris take thought. To her all transformations are possible. Her softness gives you the measure of her energy. We seem to sleep—we awake. We draw from the scabbard an idea, no less than a sword; and this city, which yesterday was Sybaris, may to-morrow be Saragossa. Do we say this to frighten you? No, I faith! You Germans are not frightened. You have had Galgacus against Rome, and Körner against Napoleon. We are the people of the *cri de l'épée*. You are a nation of thinkers, who become at need a legion of heroes. Your soldiers are worthy of ours; ours are impassable bravery, yours are intrepid calmness.

"But, listen! You have cunning and skilful Generals; we had incompetent chiefs. You have made a clever rather than a brilliant war. Your Generals have preferred the useful to the great; they were right. You have taken us by surprise. You have been ten to one. Our soldiers have stoically suffered themselves to be massacred by you, who had cleverly secured all the chances on your side; so that up till now in this terrible war Prussia has gained the victory, France has gained the glory. Now, think of it. You fancy you have a last coup to make; to precipitate yourselves upon Paris; to take advantage of our admirable army, deceived and betrayed, being at this moment stretched dead upon the field of battle; to throw yourselves, with your seven hundred thousand soldiers, with all your machines of war, your mitrailleurs, your steel cannon, your Krupp bullets, your Dreyse guns, your innumerable cavalry, your awful artillery, on three hundred thousand citizens standing erect upon their ramparts, on fathers defending their homes, on a city full of trembling families, where there are women, and sisters, and mothers, and where at this moment I who speak to you, I have two little children, one of whom is at the breast. It is on this city, innocent of this war; on this city, which has done nothing to you but give you its light;



## Literature.

*Put Yourself in His Place.* By CHARLES READE, Author of "It is Never too Late to Mend," &c. 3 vols. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

Mr. Charles Reade once stated in evidence before a Parliamentary Committee that he felt himself much better qualified by nature to write plays than novels, but that the bad laws relating to the theatre and the depressing nature of some of the conditions of the modern drama had driven him to write stories chapter by chapter instead of developing them in dialogue in the form of set scenes. We have perhaps before referred to this fact; but, in any case, the present novel is one more illustration of the truth of what Mr. Reade then said. The story is powerful and wonderfully ingenious in its rapid ups and downs; but it moves so much by jerks and "situations," the dialogue is so curt and peculiar, and the characters so posed, that one is perpetually reminded of dramatic necessities. Taking the book as a whole, it is one of the most thrilling stories ever written, and it is certainly one of the most original.

The story all the world knows—at least, we suppose so, since it has been accessible first in the *Cornhill Magazine*, and since at the Adelphi and other theatres. One incident in it—the little child in the cradle afloat upon a deluge that followed the bursting of the reservoir—has been made familiar by Mr. Millais's picture at this year's Academy. One of the fine features of Mr. Reade's writing is the vividness with which he realises physical conditions of the mechanical kind. The life and power which he throws into the whole episode of the reservoir are something truly wonderful. Now and then we feel inclined to say of him, as was said of Dr. Whewell, that "omniscience is his foible;" but really his general knowledge is remarkable, and is made to serve his purposes in a way which is still more surprising. Whatever may be the value of the success of Mr. Reade's appeal about trade-union evidence, or the worth of his opinion of Mr. Roebuck (whom in our view he greatly over-estimates), everyone must see that he is actuated in this matter, as he has been in the madhouse question, by a noble spirit of humanity, and that he has carefully gathered and digested his facts. But that Breadth should receive, at the hands of a writer of such high imagination as Mr. Reade, an infamous immortality as Grotius is almost too much.

In his love episodes Mr. Reade is, as usual, eminently successful. Perhaps, however, the kissing and hugging in the midst of the deluge is unnatural; at all events, so much of that scene as relates to the two lovers makes us rather inclined to smile. It might pass in the rapidity and heat of a dramatic representation; but read in the cool and quiet of the study it seems *outré*. The two most successful characters appear to us to be Shifty Dick and Jael Dence. From what relates to that fine creature we will take one passage; another illustration of the zest with which the author always writes of the beauty of beautiful women:—

The other lady was blonde, and had a face less perfect in contour, but beautiful in its way, and exquisite in colour and peach-like bloom; but the marvel was her form; her comely head, dignified on this occasion with a coronet of pearls, perched on a throat long yet white and massive, and smooth as alabaster; and that majestic throat sat enthroned on a snowy bust and shoulders of magnificent breadth, depth, grandeur, and beauty. Altogether it approached the gigantic; but so lovely was the swell of the broad, white bosom, and so exquisite the white and polished skin of the mighty shoulders, adorned with two deep dimples, that the awe this grand physique excited was mingled with profound admiration. Jael blushed more deeply than ladies with white and antique busts are in the habit of doing; and it was curious to see the rosy tint come on her white neck, and then die quietly away again.

We hope, after awhile, to greet this novel in the one-volume form; in the mean while, it is a book to be hunted up and read by those who have not yet seen it.

*The Nations Around.* By A. KEARY. London: Macmillan and Co.

This is a valuable and interesting volume. Valuable, because it includes in the compass of some 350 pages much information which could otherwise only be attained by the study of comparatively dry details in other books, or in reports and records of modern discoveries in the exploration of the ruins on the site of ancient Eastern cities; interesting, because instead of being a mere reproduction of such narratives, these discoveries are associated with Ancient Biblical history and all that is known of the life of those nations which were closely connected with the earliest days of the Hebrew race. Of course, the narrative of these early cities is broken, partial, and only to be learnt from such limited and obscure records as are to be found on Egyptian sepulchres, and Chaldean and Assyrian clay-cylinders, deciphered after study and patient analysis. But, as the author of this volume well says in his preface, "One great distinction between the history of the Early Ages of the world, as we gather it from the Bible narrative or from the records on Egyptian tombs and Chaldean and Assyrian cylinders, is that, while one account brings us face to face with real men and women, and lets us know their thoughts on the deepest subjects, their joys and sorrows, their struggles and temptations, in the most momentous and the most ordinary events of their lives; the other continually disappoints by bringing before us long lists of names, indeed, and minute particulars of the outward forms of living, but no one life that we can really enter into—scarcely one name that vividly represents a person to us. The prosaic outward details of one history require contact with the other to make them attract and interest us. That contact brings life to them. When are hung the minute knowledge of ancient manners and customs, buildings and costumes, that may be learnt from Egyptian and Assyrian records, round the familiar heroes of Bible stories, like an ornamental frame round a beloved portrait, we discover—as we might not otherwise have discovered—how much value and interest such knowledge has for us."

It is not too much to say that, in an admirably simple and easy manner which renders his book acceptable to that often-quoted individual, the general reader, the author brings before us Ur of the Chaldees, and even depicts, with a greater degree of reality than can be well estimated by a casual notice, both Terah, the father of Abraham, and the Patriarch himself, during those wanderings which seemed to prefigure the strange vicissitudes of the children of Israel. In this way, and even in those most instructive narratives which concern the national life of a people, the almost familiar pictures of ancient Egypt, Tyre, Assyria, and Babylon are presented to the reader, who begins to regard this early time, not as a vague and only half-certain period, the details and a great part of the very outline of which is lost in the distance of the view, but as a distinct and thoroughly human chronicle of remote events brought near by the light of intelligent appreciation and patient research. Instead of being dimmed and distorted by the substitution of a false medium through which to view them, they are here regarded by the open eye, aided only by such a simple lens as enables us to see them, and the actors who took part in them, in their due proportions, and in all the living reality that belongs to an historical chronicle illustrated by contemporary biography.

*The Letter of Recommendation.* By FRANK P. WORTH. London: Bellingham Wilson.

*Irma.* By Count VETTER DU LYS. London: Strahan and Co.

Neither of these two novels offers any very great attraction to the reviewer, whatever may be their effect on the reader. The author of the first declares that his object in writing the book was to convey some few truths relative to the respective social positions of Turkey and Greece, so interwoven with fiction as to make them agreeable to the general reader. It may be doubted whether powders taken in jam can ever be pleasant, the usual effect being to give the patient an unalterable aversion to jam administered from a spoon; and it is equally doubtful whether the object of a

it is on Paris, isolated, proud, and despairing, that you would precipitate yourselves, an immense flood of murder and of battle! This is to be your part, valiant men, great soldiers, illustrious army of noble Germany. Ob, reflect!

"Is the nineteenth century to witness this frightful prodigy? A nation fallen from polity to barbarism, abolishing the city of nations; Germany extinguishing Paris; Germania lifting the axe against Gaul! You, the descendants of Teutonic knights, can you make a disloyal war; exterminate the group of men and of ideas needed by the world; destroy the *citè organique*; emulate Attila and Alaric; renew, after Omar, the burning of the human library; raze the Hôtel de Ville, as the Huns razed the Capitol; bombard Notre Dame, as the Turks bombarded the Parthenon? Can you give this spectacle to the world? Can you, Germans, become Vandals again; personify barbarism decapitating civilisation? No, no, no! Do you know what this victory would be for you? It would be dishonour. Nobody, if faith, can think of frightening you Germans, glorious army, courageous people, but one may inform you. It certainly is not opprobrium that you seek; well, it is opprobrium that you will find, and I, a European—that is to say, a friend of Paris—I, a Parisian—that is to say, a friend of the people—I warn you of your peril, my brothers of Germany, because I admire and honour you, and because I know well that if anything can make you withdraw it is not fear, it is shame! Noble soldiers, what would be your return to your hearths and homes? You would be conquerors ashamed. And what would your wives exclaim? The death of Paris—what mourning! The assassination of Paris—what a crime! The world would have the mourning, yours would be the crime. Do not accept this terrible responsibility. Stop!

"And now a last word. Paris pushed to extremities; Paris, supported by all France aroused, can conquer and would conquer; and you would have tried in vain this course of action, which already revolts the world. In any case, efface from the lines written in haste the words Destruction, Abolition, Death. No, you could not destroy Paris. You may succeed in demolishing it materially, and even that is not easy; you would make it greater morally. In reducing Paris to ruins, you would sanctify it. The dispersion of the stones will cause the dispersion of ideas. Cast Paris to the four winds, you will only conduce to make from every grain of its ashes the seed of the future. This sepulchre will cry out, 'Liberty, Equality, Fraternity!' Paris is a city; but Paris is also a soul. Burn our edifices—these are only our bones; their smoke will assume shape, will become great and living, and will rise even to heaven; and there it will be seen for ever on the horizon of nations—above us, above you, above everything, and above all; attesting our glory and your shame, this great spectre formed of shadow and light—Paris."

"Now I have spoken. Germans, if you persist, let it be so; you are warned. Come and attack the walls of Paris. Under your bombs and your mitrailleuses she will defend herself. As for me—an old man now—I shall be there unarmed. It behoves me to be with the people who die. I pity you for being with the Kings who kill."

"VICTOR HUGO."

Victor Hugo has contributed to the *Réveil* an eloquent diatribe, entitled "La Débauche," on the fallen Empire, from which we extract the following passages:—

"There will be an awakening! Thanks to the suppression of the right of public meeting, thanks to the suppression of the press, thanks to the suppression of free speech, of liberty, and of truth—suppressions of which the result has been to permit anything and everything to M. Bonaparte, but which have had also the effect of stamping with nullity all his acts without exception—thanks, we say, to this stifling of all remonstrance and all exposure, no thing, no man, no fact, wears its true likeness or bears its true name. M. Bonaparte's crime is not crime, it is called necessity; M. Bonaparte's highway robbery is not highway robbery, it is called defence of order; M. Bonaparte's thefts are not thefts, they are called measures of State; M. Bonaparte's murders are not murders, they are called public safety; M. Bonaparte's accomplices are not malefactors, they are called magistrates, senators, and councillors of State; M. Bonaparte's adversaries are not soldiers of law and justice, they are called agrarian butchers, demagogues, and spoliators. In the eyes of France, in the eyes of Europe, the Second of December is still masked. What I write is nothing else than a hand put forth from the darkness to pluck off its mask."

"Come, we are going to expose the triumph of order; we are going to depict this vigorous, settled, stable Government, which has on its side a mob of paltry fellows with more ambition than shoes, handsome dandies and hideous beggars; supported at the Bourse by Fould, the Jew, and in the Church by Montalembert, the Catholic; esteemed by women who aspire to the stews, and men who aspire to the prefecture; supported by a coalition of prostitutes; giving gales; making cardinals; wearing white ties, gloved in lemon-colour, like Morny; blacked as bright as Maupas; new brushed like Persigny—rich, elegant, smart, gilded, brushed, gay, born in a swamp of blood."

"We are in Russia. The Neva is frozen. Iron houses are building, heavy carriages rolling, on its back. It is no longer water, it is rock. Passengers come and go on that marble which was a river. A town springs up; streets are planned, shops opened. They sell, buy, drink, eat, sleep; they light fires on that water. They can venture anything and everything. Have no fear; do whatever you please—laugh, dance, the firm ground is not so solid. Truly, it rings beneath the foot like granite. Hurrah for winter! Hurrah for the ice! Here we have them set in for all eternity. And look at the sky—is it day? is it night? A wan and sickly light trails along the snow; it looks as though the sun were dying."

"No, thou shalt not die, Liberty! One of those days, at the moment when it is least dreamt of, at the very hour when thou shalt have been most profoundly forgotten, thou shalt arise, O splendour! On a sudden we shall see that day-star, thy face, rise from the ground and flame at the horizon. Upon all that snow, upon all that ice, upon that hard white plain, upon that water turned to stone, upon all that monstrous winter, thou shalt launch thy golden arrow, thy burning and shining radiance—heat, life, life! And then, listen. Hear ye that sullen noise? hear ye that deep and formidable cracking groan? It is the breaking up; it is the Neva crumbling; it is the river resuming its course; it is the living water, joyous and terrible, as it heaves and breaks the dead and hideous ice. It was granite, you said; see, it melts like glass. It is the breaking up; I tell you it is truth coming back; it is progress beginning again; it is humanity putting itself once more on the march, and sweeping up, tearing down, hurrying, bustling, mingling, and drowning in its waves, like the wretched, paltry furniture of a hovel, not only the brazen Empire of Louis Bonaparte, but all the constructions and all the works of the old everlasting despotism. See it all go by. It is vanishing for ever. You will never set eye on it again. That book, half sunk, is the old code of iniquity; that woodwork going under, the throne; that other disappearing, the scaffold!"

"And for this prodigious fowling, this supreme victory of life over death, what was needed? 'One glance of thine, O Sun! one ray of thine, O Liberty!'"

SEVERAL PRUSSIAN REGIMENTS are now armed with chassepots taken at Sedan.

GRAVE OF ROBERT BURNS'S MOTHER.—Agnes Brown, mother of the Scottish national poet, was interred in Bolton churchyard, Haddingtonshire. Before her death she lived with Gilbert, the eldest son of the family, when factor to Lord Blantyre, and was followed or preceded to the grave by five of his children. To mark the spot, Gilbert erected a neat monumental stone, and the burying-place of the family, where Gilbert himself was interred, is now surrounded by a chaste and substantial iron railing. By the directions of Gilbert's surviving son, the stone has been renovated, the railing repainted, and the grass in the inclosure neatly trimmed.

serious writer is usually attained by enveloping his opinions in a coating of romance. At all events, something very much like genius is required to arrive at such a result, and genius refrains from making its object too apparent at once. In "The Letter of Recommendation" the fictitious episodes are of that alternating kind which range from an imitation of the style of "Jack Brag" to incidental stories in the manner of those that were wont to appear in some of the "Keep-sake" pocket-books in vogue thirty years ago. Altogether, there is a jaunty air about the two volumes which defies criticism much as a street-boy would defy reproof. Having said thus much, it is only fair to admit that there are evidences of possible better things whenever the author chooses to write a story for its own sake.

Of "Irma," which is a tale of Hungarian life, it may be said that its appearance in a magazine would probably have exhausted most of the interest which ordinary novel-readers would have displayed for it; for the novel-reading public in London are not easily attracted by any but a story of stirring incident, if the place of its operations lies far away from their own belongings, unless, indeed, it be in a book like "Hypatia," or "The Last Days of Pompeii," or the great Florentine novel of George Eliot. To those who will fairly begin to read "Irma" it may be that the interest will grow and the narrative be sufficient to attract them to the end, although at a mere glance it is devoid of all the usual sensational elements.

*The Theory of Whist.* By WILLIAM POLE, F.R.S. London: Longmans and Co.

Never since Mrs. Battle's famous "opinions" have we seen a more attractive little book on the great subject of whist than the volume now before us, which, by-the-by, was originally published in 1864, as a second part to the sixteenth edition of the famous work on "Short Whist," by Major A. Perhaps this might be sufficient recommendation to those who are already acquainted with what another lady (Mrs. Caudle) would have called the "noble and athletic game." By those who are at present ignorant of the beauty of the pursuit of which it treats, Mr. Pole's book may be regarded as an unintelligible addition to a number of other difficult works, of which the marvel is how the authors could ever contrive to make a recreation so minutely laborious; but those who might think thus would be mistaken. With only a very moderate liking for what is really the best game of cards still in vogue, the reader easily gains an amount of very interesting information, conveyed in a pleasantly colloquial manner, that is like the remark of a skilful friend at your elbow during the progress of a trial game. Especially in the subject of the combination of the hands of the two players—a principle on which the instruction of the book is based—a great deal of easy reference is made, which will open up the science of the game to those who have previously played haphazard, or have failed to appreciate the science that may be included even in a domestic amusement.

*Children of the Church; or, Lessons of the Church Catechism for Infant Children.* By ELEANOR G. O'REILLY. London: William Wells Gardner.

If there were not just now such a violent dislike to catechisms and all reference to the subject of religious teaching confined within the limits of a strict denominationalism, this little book might, perhaps, be introduced into a good many schools. Apart from the inevitable reflection that a catechism which itself requires a catechism gives rise to a good deal of serious reflection as to the usefulness of making it the groundwork for infant instruction, this little book is very simple, and admirably avoids such doctrinal attempts as must, of course, hopelessly confuse children, while it contains very plain, tender, and childlike explanations, or rather presentations, of the principles and sacraments of the Church.

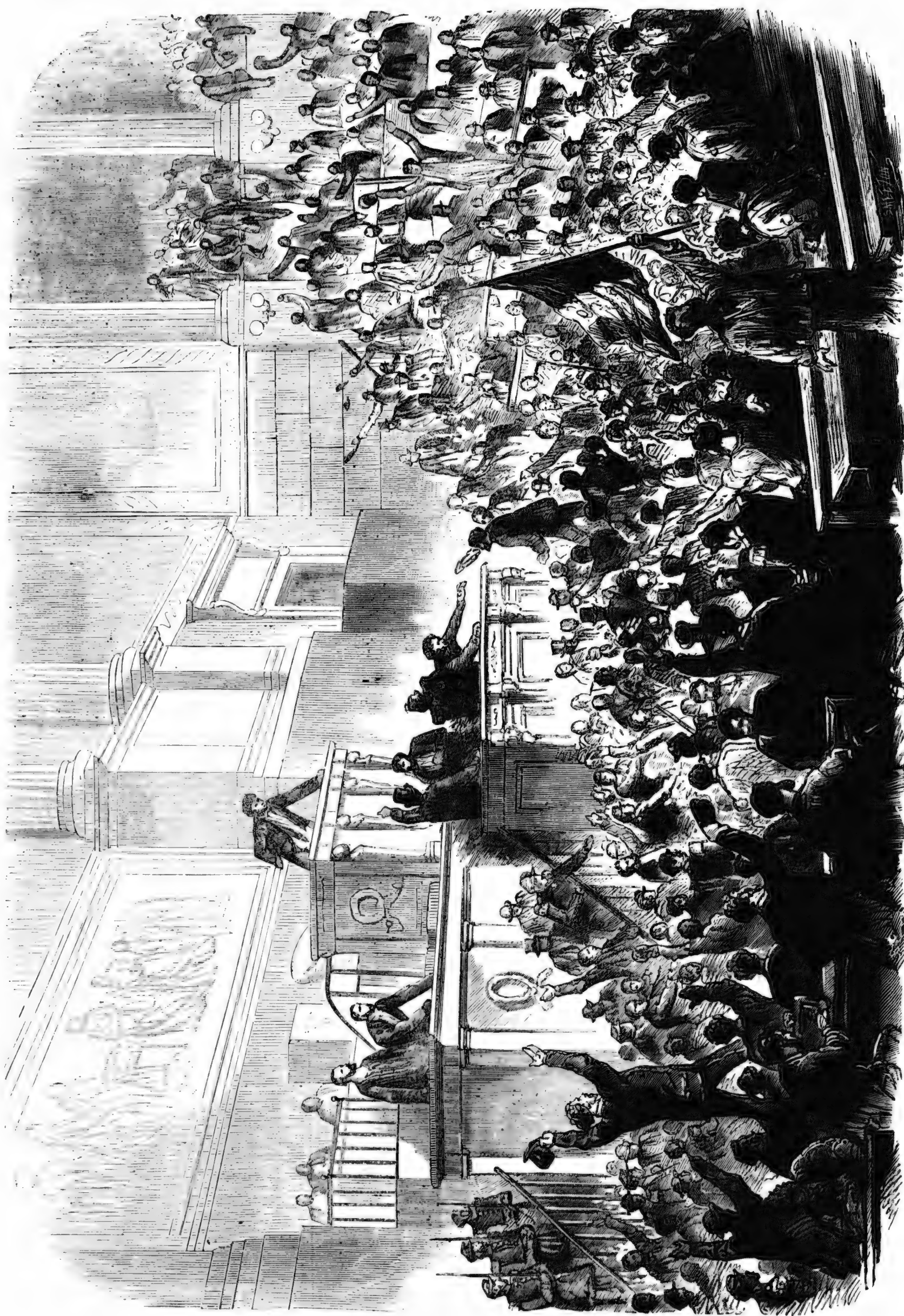
A MAN NAMED NASH, a cripple in the employ of a horse slaughterer at Bliton, who boils down horseflesh preparatory to sending it to the London market, climbed up, last Saturday, on the brickwork which surrounds a large open boiler, to open a window. Directly he had done so his foot slipped, and he fell into the boiler, which was full of hot fat, nearly at boiling point. His shrieks brought his employer and a fellow-workman to his assistance, and he was rescued and removed to the hospital at Wolverhampton, where he lies in a very precarious condition.

"HENRY THE FIFTH."—The Bourbon Prince who is known to his partisans under this title, and to other people as the Count of Chambord, has written a letter, in which he says:—"Amid all these poignant emotions, it is a great consolation to see that public spirit, the spirit of patriotism, does not allow itself to be cast down, but rises with our misfortunes. I am glad our friends have so well understood the duty of citizens and Frenchmen. Yes; above everything it is necessary to repulse the invasion, to save at any price the honour of France, the integrity of its territory. Every discussion must be forgotten at this moment, every after-thought put aside. We owe our whole energy, our fortune, and our blood to the deliverance of our country. A true mother will rather abandon her infant than see it perish. I experience the same feeling, and say incessantly, 'May God save France, though I should die without seeing it again!' You will understand the impatience with which we await news."

THE MISERIES OF THE POOR.—However disagreeable it may be to peep into the interior of some of the homes of the poorer classes, it is only by so doing that we can form any idea of their horrible condition and of the inefficiency of the machinery in the hands of local authorities to check the barbarism which is a disgrace to this country. At the last meeting of the Mile-End Old Town board of guardians, the clerk reported that the police and the medical officer of the hamlet had given information that the body of a woman who died on Feb. 13 last, and of a child who died on Jan. 21, were lying still unburied in the kitchen of a house, 25, Longfellow-road, Mile-End. The son of the deceased woman being called in and questioned, it appeared from his statement that the bodies were those of his mother and of an illegitimate child of his daughter. The child died first, and a coffin was obtained for it; but, as he was in serious pecuniary difficulties, there was no burial; and his mother being then evidently dying, a coffin was obtained for her, which proved to be rather larger than necessary. The undertaker, therefore, consented to take back the child's coffin; and so the great-grandchild and the great-grandmother were laid together. Although at one time it was proposed to bury them at Sittingbourne—and, indeed, a van was engaged for that purpose—the Rector having made objections, the plan was not carried out. Ever since the son's poverty had been too great to allow him to get funds to bury the bodies; and so, for months during this hot summer the bodies of the old woman and the little child lay in the kitchen of the pauper's house, and have only just been buried by an arrangement between the parish authorities and the son that the latter will repay, when he is able to do so, the expenses of the funeral. Such is London in the year 1870! And that two corpses could lie for six months unburied, in a house in a populous district, shows the blessings of domestic legislation in this free and civilised country.—*Full Mail Gazette.*

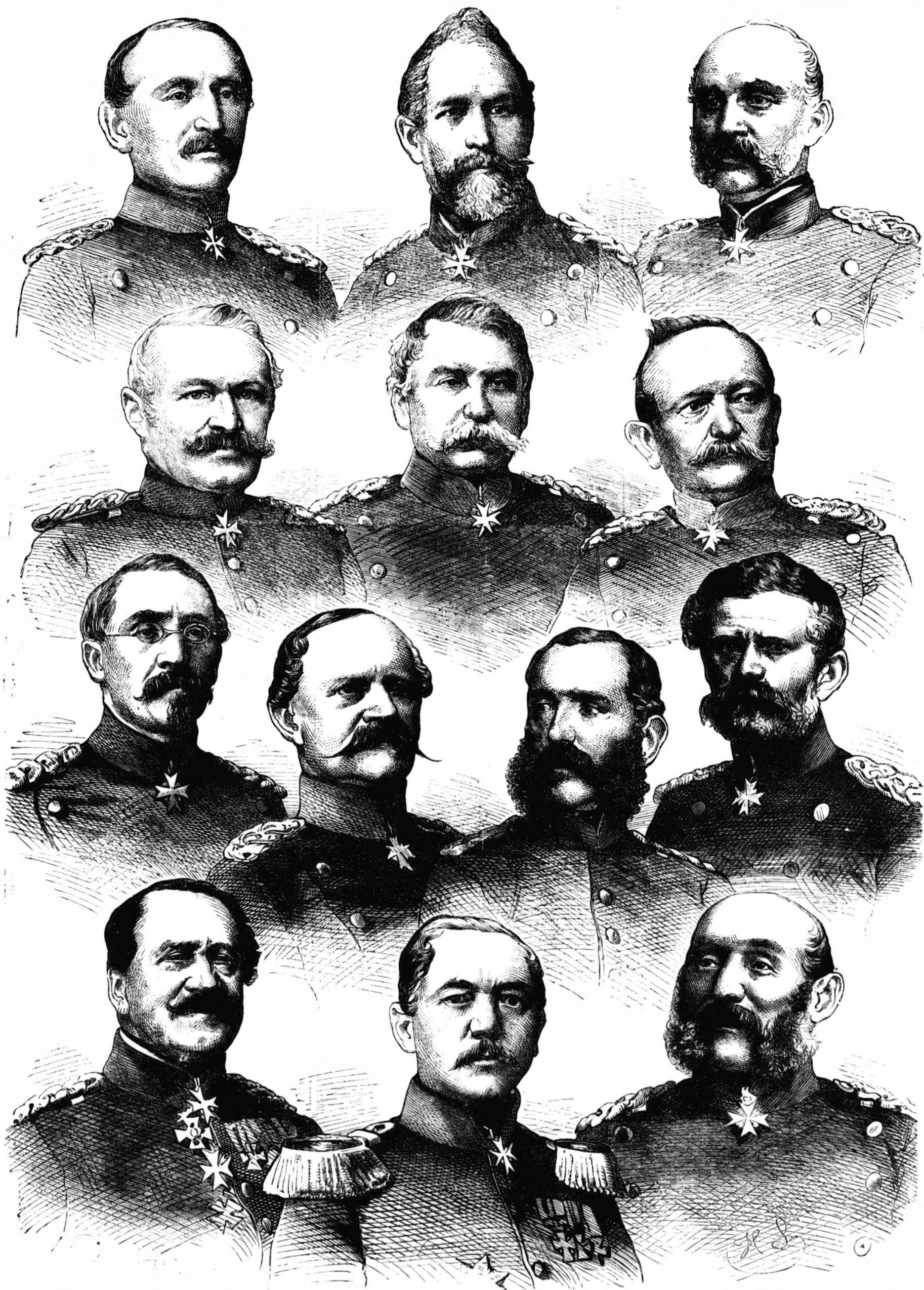
LONDON AND MIDDLESEX ARCHÆOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—The annual excursion of the above society took place on Tuesday, and was largely attended, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather. The members and their friends took train at Moorgate-street and King's-cross, and proceeded to Barnet, where omnibuses were in waiting to take them to the various points for which visits were marked out in the programme. The first stage was Hadley, where, in the parochial school-room, the society held its annual meeting, under the presidency of Mr. J. R. Tyssen, the president of the society. After the usual preliminary formalities, the reading of papers was proceeded with. Mr. Black addressed himself to the ancient topography of Barnet, and showed by a great number of illustrative details that in ancient times the township was the seat of a great Roman community and military station. Mr. Peacock followed, with a paper on "Barnet and its Neighbourhood." Barnet, he said, was famous for two things—its mineral springs, and the great battle which, during the Wars of the Roses (1471), was fought within its boundaries. The "physic well" of Barnet was described by Fuller, on its discovery, as having such health-giving properties as would enable it to compensate for all the blood which had been previously shed at the great battle. The next stage of the excursion was the ancient parish church of Monken Hadley, where the Rector, the Rev. F. C. Cass, read an interesting paper on the topography of the parish, and the antiquities and monumental brasses of the church. The latter, it appeared, had been torn from their places, and put away "in a cupboard," where they were discovered by Mr. Cass, the present incumbent, and, after renovation, replaced. The most remarkable of these brasses bore reference to the noble family of Carew, and others to that of Goodyear, whose first claim to local immortality was their liberality, exercised at various periods towards the parish. The church, which is as old as the battle of Barnet, was thoroughly renovated and repaired in 1848, after the designs and under the superintendence of Mr. Street. Visits to South Mimms and Barnet churches followed, and the excursion terminated with a collation, over which Mr. Tyssen presided.





THE REVOLUTION IN FRANCE: LAST SITTING OF THE CORPS LEGISLATIF.





CONSTANTINE VON ALVENSLEBEN, 3RD CORPS.  
JULIUS VON ROSE, 11TH CORPS.  
AUGUSTUS VON GOEBEN, 8TH CORPS.  
HEINRICH A. VON ZASTROW, 7TH CORPS.

WILHELM VON TRUMPLING, 1TH CORPS.  
GUSTAVUS VON ALVENSLEBEN, 4TH CORPS.  
PRINCE AUGUSTUS OF WURTEMBERG, GUARDS.  
ALBERT, CROWN PRINCE OF SAXONY, 12TH CORPS.  
CONSTANTINE B. VON VOIGTS-RHETZ, 10TH CORPS.

HUGO E. VON KIRCHBACH, 5TH CORPS.  
EDWARD F. VON FRANSECTY, 2ND CORPS.  
EDWIN F. VON MANTEUFFEL, 1ST CORPS.  
GUSTAVUS VON MANSTEIN, 10TH CORPS.

GENERALS IN THE GERMAN ARMY.



## COMMANDERS OF THE NORTH GERMAN ARMY.

In previous numbers we have published portraits and short biographical notices of some of the principal Generals in that vast German army which in less than two months has achieved a series of successes which in ordinary computation, founded on the experience of former warfare, might have required as many years to accomplish. We this week present our readers with a series of portraits representing the commanders of the northern division of the forces brought against France. Many of these officers are little known except in their military capacity; but though any brief record of their career must necessarily consist only of their progress in the army of which they are leaders, that notice will in itself be sufficient to show how thoroughly the entire Prussian force is organised and what importance has been attached to practical military knowledge during the years in which preparations have been made for the consolidation of the German forces. Many of these Generals have, however, already achieved a wide reputation, not only for ability as commanders, but as exercising extensive influence on political affairs, while some of them are distinguished for practical statesmanship. Taking them in the order in which they appear in our Engraving, and for the convenience of the reader following the portraits from left to right, we have first to notice

**CONSTANTINE VON ALVENSLEBEN**, who is commander of the 3rd Army Corps, and may be called a veteran, since he was born in 1809, and entered as a cadet in 1827, when he began his military career in the Kaiser Alexander Regiment, one of those corps which probably took part in those grand military reviews in which the youthful regiments of Prussia joined the more disciplined troops of the Russian army in the displays encouraged by the Emperor Nicholas. From 1858 to 1860 he was the chief of the 1st Army Corps. Since 1864 he has been Major-General and commander of the 2nd Brigade of Infantry Guards, whom he led in the Austrian campaign and at Königgrätz. In the following year he was nominated Lieutenant-General, a position which he continued to occupy with remarkable ability till the call to active duty gave him a new command suited to his military skill.

**WILHELM VON TUMPLING**, commanding the 6th Corps, was also born in 1809, and commenced his military career in the body-guard in 1830, attaining the rank of Major and general staff officer in 1849, during the Baden campaign, where he was advanced to the rank of General-Major. In 1864 he commanded the 5th Infantry Division of Mobs in the Danish war, where he personally conducted the landing and subsequent march of the troops. In 1866 he had the command of the same division, and continued in that position during the following year, when he was appointed General of cavalry.

**HUGO EDWARD VON KIRCHBACH** is in command of the 5th Corps, and, under favourable auspices, combined with remarkable personal ability, has achieved a great reputation both for sagacity in council and skill in the field. In 1866 he succeeded to the command of the 10th Infantry Division, which took a prominent part in the battle of Nachod. In the present war he has been engaged as prominently as his previous reputation might have led his countrymen to expect. At Weissenburg and Wörth he took an active part, and added to the name which he had already acquired for generalship. Born in 1809 (apparently a great war-vintage year for German military commanders), he belonged to the cadet branch of a noble house. From 1855 to 1858 he was instructor in the General Military School, and, about 1859, was appointed chief of the staff to the General of the 3rd Army Corps. He was himself named Major-General in 1853, and in 1866 rose to the rank of Lieutenant-General.

**JULIUS VON BOSE**, Lieutenant-General commanding the 9th Corps (1809 was also the year of his birth), occupied an important position at the battle of Wörth, where he gained great honour for the conduct of the troops under his charge. General Bose entered the Prussian army in 1826, and, from 1858 to 1860, held the position of chief of the staff of the 4th Army Corps; he was created Major-General in 1864, and in 1866 was appointed to the command of the 15th Brigade of Infantry. With these troops he took part in the campaign, and distinguished himself in the night attack at Podol, where, sword in hand, he led the men in person. At Münchengrätz and on the field of Sadowa he played his part, and was also opposed to the Austrians at Presburg. After these engagements he took the rank of Lieutenant-General, which he now holds.

**GUSTAV VON ALVENSLEBEN** is now one of the oldest of the Generals on active service, for he was born in 1803, entering a cadet corps in 1821. In 1849 he fulfilled the duties of chief of the general staff to the Mobile Army Corps in Baden; afterwards, in 1850, occupying a similar position in the 7th, and then in the 8th, Army Corps. Appointed Major-General in 1858, Adjutant-General in 1861, and Lieutenant-General in 1863, the campaign of 1866 found the veteran high in command at headquarters, and in that year he took the Chief Generalship of the Transport Army Corps. It was not till 1868 that he was appointed General of Infantry and commander of the regiments that now form the 4th Army Corps.

**EDUARD FRIEDRICH VON FRANSECTY**, General Commander of the 2nd Corps, was born in 1807, and has also borne a part in the Austrian campaign. Leaving the cadet corps in 1825 for a Lieutenantancy in the 16th Infantry, he rose until, in 1848, he became principal officer of the staff of the confederate force in Denmark. From 1855 to 1857 he was chief of the General Staff of the 3rd Army Corps, and from 1860 to 1864 commanded the Oldenburg troops. In the same and the following year he rose to the rank of Major-General in the Prussian army, and, in 1865, became Lieutenant-General and commander of the 7th Division of Infantry.

**AUGUST VON GOEBEN**, Lieutenant-General and Commander of the 8th Army Corps, has been placed in the position of a chief leader during the recent struggle, and there seems to be no doubt that it has been to the immense advantage of the German arms that he has been intrusted with a charge where his great ability might have been made useful in executing the important movements which have been made with such extraordinary rapidity. Born in 1816, and entering the 24th Infantry in 1833, the General had turned his mind towards the affairs of Spain, and in 1836 he entered the Carlist army, and remained for four years, taking his share of its vicissitudes, and attaining the rank of a chief officer by various gradations. He was redrafted into the Prussian army in 1842, with the grade of Second Lieutenant in the 8th Infantry. In 1849 he became head of the staff in the Baden campaign; in 1855 he occupied the same position in the 4th, and in 1858 in the 8th, Army Corps. In the year 1860 he again took service with the Spanish army, where, in the Morocco campaign, he sustained the rank of commander of a brigade, rising to the rank of Major-General in the following year. In 1864, however, he was needed for the Danish war, where he was in the thick of it with the 26th Brigade of Infantry; and in 1865 he obtained his present rank of Lieutenant-General, by which he becomes commander of the 8th Army Corps in the present war.

**PRINCE FREDERICK AUGUSTUS EVERHARD OF WURTEMBERG**, General of the Garde Corps, was born in the year 1813, and is one of the most accomplished soldiers in the Prussian army. He is the son of Duke Paul of Wurtemberg, uncle of the King, and began his military career in the cavalry service of his own country, afterwards taking rank in the Prussian forces, where, in 1844, he became Major-General; in 1850, Lieutenant-General; and in 1859, General of a corps of cavalry. Throughout the Austrian campaign he was in active service, and he is now regarded as one of the most experienced officers in command.

**ALBERT, CROWN PRINCE OF SAXONY**, has an important command, as chief of the 12th (Saxon) Corps. The Prince, who is the eldest son of Johann I. and Queen Amelia of Saxony, was born in 1828; and, in 1853, was married to Princess Caroline, daughter of the Prince Gustavus of Vasa. In 1849 the Prince took part in the Danish campaign, and was with the Austrian army, as Commander of the Saxon Army Corps, at Gitschin and

Königgrätz. The military ability of Prince Albert, and his courage and activity in the engagements, where he led his corps in person, render him a valuable acquisition to the great army now in the field. In the series of battles culminating at Sedan, the Crown Prince of Saxony played a prominent part as leader of the Fourth German Army.

**EDWIN FRIEDRICH VON MANTEUFFEL**, the Commander of the 1st Army Corps, has already been distinguished with a high position in the present crisis. Born, like the rest of the veteran Generals, in 1809, he entered the army, in a regiment of Dragoon Guards, in 1827; became Major-General in 1858, Lieutenant-General in 1861, and General of Cavalry in 1866. In 1865 he took the command of the Prussian troops in Schleswig on the Oberwesel, and may be said by his rapid movements to have opened those operations on the Eider and the Elbe which had such an important influence on the results of the campaign.

**HEINRICH VON ZASTROW** has commanded the 7th Army Corps since 1866. The General is now sixty-nine years of age, having been born in 1801. He entered the army in a corps of engineers, and from 1839 to 1841 served in the Turkish army. From 1845 to 1847 he was closely engaged in the commission for the improvement and thorough revision of the baggage and transport service for the infantry, and in 1848 and 1849 was with the army in Schleswig-Holstein, where he commanded a division. In 1858 he was raised to the rank of Major-General, and to Lieutenant-General and Commander of the 2nd Division in 1863. After doing great service in the Austrian campaign, General Zastrow was appointed Commander of Infantry in 1868, and was soon afterwards nominated to his present high position.

**CONSTANTINE VON VOIGTS-RHETZ** is another of the veterans of that wonderful year 1809. He also entered the army in 1827, and became Staff Major in 1848, in the province of Posen, where his regiment was stationed. He occupied the position of chief of the general staff to the 5th Corps from 1852 to 1855; and in 1858 advanced to the grade of Major-General, rising to Lieutenant-General in 1863. From that time to 1866 he was plenipotentiary to the Bund Military Commission in Frankfurt, where he was chief of the staff of the first Prussian contingent. In the Austrian campaign he had the confidence of the King, and was with his Majesty in the famous council of the night of July 2, 1866, which decided the battle of Königgrätz. He was also appointed at the same time Governor-General of Hanover.

**GUSTAV VON MANSTEIN**, Commander of the 9th Corps, and the last of the Generals of whom we publish portraits this week, was born in 1805, and became Major-General in 1859. In 1863 he was made Lieutenant-General. In 1863 he belonged to the storming column at Duppel, and commanded the 6th Division at the battle of Königgrätz.

## THE MISSION OF M. THIERS.

The nature of the message M. Thiers bears from the Government of Defence gives no hope that his mission will conduce to the speedy re-establishment of peace. M. Thiers asks nothing more nor less than that neutral Europe should form a league to compel the Germans to retire from France. His mission is explicable only by the existence in his mind, and in the minds of the members of the Government of Defence, of two profound delusions, which the great events of the war have not succeeded in eradicating. M. Thiers and the Government must believe that the war was due entirely to the Emperor; that it was never supported by the national voice, and that the defeat and dethronement of the Emperor have removed all justification of further hostilities on the part of Germany. On such a question we may speak with the impartiality and the authority of disinterested spectators, and we declare that it is impossible to acquit the French nation of complicity in the unprovoked attack upon Germany. The second delusion on which the mission of M. Thiers seems to be based must be abandoned before peace can be possible. France appeals to Europe to maintain the integrity of her territory because the balance of power will be otherwise endangered. We know no such apprehension. The aggrandisement of Germany excites no alarm in England. We deprecate the dismemberment of France, because we could not see without regret the subjugation of the inhabitants of any province to a rule they repudiate, because we desire that the present war may be concluded by a peace that shall give Europe many years of uninterrupted tranquillity, but we repudiate altogether the supposed necessity of maintaining a balance of power as a motive for our intervention or even for our mediation in the quarrel. We can see in the fact that the motive suggested is nothing but fresh evidence that the mischievous cause of the war—the spring of all its miseries—lies deep in the sentiments of the French people. We yield reluctantly to the conviction that the war must go on. We cannot as neutrals support by our influence any terms of peace which we should not, were we in the position of Germany, be ready to accept ourselves; and, until the French people are ready to acknowledge that they have been guilty of wrong towards their neighbours, and to give sureties against a repetition of it, the just claims of Germany cannot be satisfied. It is too evident that France has not reached this stage of self-knowledge.—"Times" of Wednesday.

We have reason to believe that the terms which M. Thiers is empowered to submit are of the following purport:—He has instructions to represent that his country not only wishes, but most ardently desires, to put an end to hostilities. She is prepared to pay a heavy indemnity in money, corresponding to the proved expenses and losses of Germany—possibly up to the sum total of one hundred millions sterling. She will consent, under certain conditions, to surrender the half of her fleet to the victors, and to dismantle the fortresses of Metz and Strasbourg. These things she will do to atone for her fault; but she will not yield one inch of Alsace and Lorraine. Rather than that she will defend Paris to the last extremity; and, when Paris is laid in ruins, she will carry on the war to the bitter end from town to town throughout the land. The submission thus proffered by the defeated nation is very marked; and we can only hope that motives of wisdom and generosity may be mingled in the minds of the victors with those sterner designs which have hitherto deterred negotiation.—"Telegraph" of Wednesday.

M. Thiers has come to London, not to say that the Republic desires to be at peace with the world, or explain and vindicate its origin, but to ask the neutral Powers to endeavour to negotiate a peace which, being concluded on the basis of the almost unbroken successes of Prussia, shall give that Power all the satisfaction it can wisely ask, and shall yet be a peace that France can accept with the desire and the determination to keep it. What he asks is that the great Powers of Europe should exert their influence to put an end to a struggle by which France may indeed appear to be the chief sufferer, but in the results of which Europe is most deeply interested, and the continuance of which will be very much at her cost. M. Thiers gives the English Government the opportunity and the justification, if it considered it wanted one, to mediate; it deprives it of any excuse for inaction, if it has abstained from any effort to put an end to the war solely because it wanted the decision and the courage to interfere. France has at least the right to ask of neutrals who pretended but the other day to be her very good friends to ascertain for her what it is that her victorious enemy demands; with what purpose, to impose what terms, is the King of Prussia marching upon Paris? The question is one which Europe has the right to ask; and the English Government will deserve the contempt of Europe, and provoke the indignation of the English people, if, now that it has been distinctly summoned to use such influence as it possesses to bring about peace, it should, from a cowardly fear of responsibility, shrink from that course which honour as well as humanity commands.—"Standard" of Wednesday.

The visit of M. Thiers to London is not one which invites curiosity or comment. It has not the slightest political—that is to say, official—value or consequence of any kind. M. Thiers is in no way an envoy or emissary of the Provisional Government of

France, and has not the slightest written authority or permission to speak on its behalf. M. Thiers has come, to use a vulgar but very expressive phrase, "on his own hook." He has come to have a talk—and who can talk so well?—with the leading members of the British Government, and to endeavour, doubtless, to convince them that the preponderance of France on the European continent is the supreme need of England and of mankind. All that inexhaustible eloquence and unlimited faith in the authority of tradition can do to make converts of Mr. Gladstone and Earl Granville will be cheerfully and brilliantly done by M. Thiers. But the British Ministers will soon find—indeed, must have found already—that they have not to do with the accredited representative of any Government, or the bearer of any basis of mediation, any concession to the conqueror, any guarantee. M. Thiers has no proposal to make, no conditions to offer. No hopes of immediate peace are to be founded on this interesting visit. All the expectations, speculations, and theories which owed their origin to it may be quietly dismissed as utterly baseless. The Provisional Government of France did not officially instruct M. Thiers to cross the English Channel, or officially acquaint him with any purposes or proposals it may have in hand. The "mission of M. Thiers," of which we hear so much, has really no existence. There is no "mission" in any ordinary or rational sense of the word. A distinguished Frenchman has come to London to explain to certain members of the British Cabinet his own personal views of the present situation, and that is all.—"Daily News" of Thursday.

Those who anticipated beneficial results from the mission of M. Thiers ought already to have dropped the delusion. Under the circumstances of the case it was vain to trust to such a flimsy hope. The key to Prussia's intentions was clearly shown after the battle of Sedan. The interference of neutrals was plainly deprecated. Prussia had her adversary on the hip, and she unmistakably indicated her intention to use her advantage, and to use it at her own will alone. To dictate terms at the gates of Paris was the Prussian programme; and all but the blind and those who let wishes, and not the logic of facts, father their thoughts, have seen and felt that that programme would be sternly, uncompromisingly carried out. What the terms may be has yet to be learnt. We have published, without accepting, the views that have obtained in high quarters in Paris respecting the supposed conditions that Prussia would offer. We shall possibly have other versions of the Prussian views, built upon the hopes, fears, or fancies of over-excited people. We may possibly have other ideas broached as wild as that of a two-hundred-million indemnity. But it may well be doubted whether the question of the terms of peace has not been a secret confined to the circle of the King of Prussia's high official advisers. It may or it may not be the intention of the victorious side to attempt the huge and really appalling task of the capture of a fortress manned by 300,000 armed and savagely determined men; but it is, on the face of the matter, highly improbable that the Prussians will enter into serious negotiations until they can do so from the moral and physical vantage-ground of the investing cordon drawn round Paris. We offer these observations not because we are pleased at the prospect, or that we think Prussia is playing a commendable and high-minded rôle, but because it is mischievous in the extreme to cherish baseless conceits contrary to the tenour of events, either accomplished or manifestly in training. The uselessness of M. Thiers's mission ought to be patent. Those who cannot believe that this is so must be left to the rude awakening of actual facts, as in the case of M. Mahon's march. Those who do believe it, nay, who know it, are under the obligation to speak out, even at the risk of misapprehension.—"Post" of Thursday.

## MUSIC.

WITH the close of the provincial festival season, musical amateurs ordinarily begin to speculate on what the coming winter will do for them in the metropolis. We say "ordinarily," because, just now, it is hard to imagine anything, save the war, in the thoughts of anybody. There may, however, be some who are not sufficiently attracted—and distracted—by the din of arms and the downfall of empires, to forget more peaceful, if less important matters. These will gladly look with us at the prospect of the next musical season.

The Crystal Palace Saturday Concerts and the oratorio performances of the Sacred Harmonic Society will probably be first in the field. As regards the former we are glad to know that the lamented death of Mr. Bowley is not likely to work them harm. Mr. Bowley, we believe, had little or no connection with this special department of the Crystal work, the control of and responsibility for which belong to the accomplished secretary, Mr. George Grove. Neither Mr. Grove nor Mr. Manns, we feel assured, will be less anxious for the success of the concerts during the coming season than they have been during past years; and amateurs may therefore expect another series of performances, first class both in quality and in interest. The Sacred Harmonic Society will undoubtedly be looked to for a speedy presentation of Mr. Benedict's new oratorio, "St. Peter," the success of which at Birmingham made its appeal to metropolitan judgment a necessity. We are informed that Sir Michael Costa, gracefully recognising the talent of his brother composer, has already recommended the work for rehearsal; and if the information be correct, Mr. Benedict will have reason to congratulate himself upon appearing before a London audience, on an occasion so important, under the best possible conditions. Let us hope that the Sacred Harmonic Society does not mean to be content with adding "St. Peter" to its repertory. We have surely had enough of the few works it continually brings forward to inspire a wish for something which shall combine the charm of novelty with that of excellence. So far as appears at present, the other societies for the performance of sacred music will resume their operations in due course. Last year the National Choral Society appeared somewhat fallen from its high estate; and any speculation about the future of Mr. Martin's association would therefore be dangerous; but Mr. Barnby's Oratorio Concerts are in the full vigour of youth and health, so that we may once more expect a long list of unfamiliar works as their contribution to the winter's music. Mr. Barnby, by enterprise and vigour, has earned for himself and his society the good wishes of everybody interested in musical progress—good wishes he is, we take it, not at all likely to forfeit. Of new societies we hear nothing at present; but it is by no means improbable that some which have been a long time steadily working in the background will come more to the front. Few who were present, for example, have forgotten the manner in which Sullivan's "Prodigal Son" was given by a body of young, fresh voices directed by Signor Randegger. That a chorus able to sing so well should not permanently hold a prominent position is absurd and mischievous. Whether Mr. Leslie's famous choir will resume its unequalled entertainments of strictly vocal music cannot yet be known; but we may express a hope that the director will not allow his love of orchestral works to prevent due attention to the fine old madrigals of our forefathers.

The usual autumnal performances of Italian opera, under Mr. Mapleson, are, it appears, to take place in Covent Garden Theatre, during November, with Mlle. Titiens as the prima donna. That any special importance will attach to them can hardly be supposed; but, at least, they will accustom Londoners to the notion of Italian opera out of the season; and, therefore, help to disabuse them of another notion, which teaches that the real public have no taste for the amusement. Let Mr. Mapleson charge moderate prices, and do away with senseless dress restrictions; after which the real public may safely be left to decide the question of their love for opera in a very conclusive manner. Our own opinion is, that opera might exist all the year round in London, if directors would only get rid of the idea that it is an exclusive institution, only to be supported by the special contributions of a special class.



## BABOO KESHUB CHUNDER SEN ON ENGLAND.

A FAREWELL soiree was given, on Monday night, at the Hanover-square Rooms, to the Baboo Keshub Chunder Sen. The large room was crowded. Mr. C. Thomas, of Bristol, president of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, presided; and short speeches were delivered by the Revs. Professor Plumptre, W. Brock, jun., W. Ierson, G. Murphy, and Dawson Burns; Miss Emily Faithfull, and the Rev. Dr. Cappel, a German clergyman. The Baboo afterwards addressed the meeting at great length, and described the impressions made upon him by his arrival in England. He said that the first thing that struck him on his arrival in London, last spring, was the splendour of the shops and the tasteful manner in which the goods exhibited were arranged. The number of shops that met his eye on all sides was to him perfectly bewildering, and he asked himself, where all seemed to be sellers, where could be the buyers. The next thing that attracted his attention was the art of puffing. Wherever he went he seemed to be passing through a forest of advertisements. Then he was struck with the activity of the people. John Bull seemed to have no time for contemplation or thought; he could think of nothing but work—eternal, everlasting work. Another thing which made a great impression on him was English eating. An English dinner appeared to him a sort of hunting party, and as confirming this view of the case he always found the ladies asking the protection of the gentlemen before entering the dining-room; and the guests were always armed with knife and fork and spoon. He saw birds, and beasts, and fishes laid out on tables, seemingly ready to start into existence again, and a vast array of boiled and roasted. All this struck him with amazement, and his flesh crept on his bones when he saw the huge pieces of roast beef on the table. The ladies' dresses also, the Baboo said, very much astonished him. He was one of those who did not believe in man or woman's infallibility. He thought that both were liable to commit errors and fall into mistakes. There was, for instance, the girl of the period. He hoped that she would never make her appearance in India. There were two things he particularly objected to in the ladies' dresses he saw in England—their heads and their tails. The women of England and of European countries generally seemed to have at first sight much longer hair than the women of India. Why, then, the huge protuberance at the back of the head? Then, too, he thought women ought not to occupy more ground than men, but a refined West-End lady occupied five times as much space as a gentleman. The fair sex ought to be fair. After studying this country as the country of shops and advertisements, he began to turn his attention to the deeper social life of the people, and he must say he found many things which greatly distressed him. He was particularly struck with the vast amount of distress and pauperism that prevailed by the side of so much riches, and at the fearful amount of intemperance, and the evil consequences that resulted. He was also surprised to find existing in this country an institution which he thought was confined to his own country—namely, the institution of caste. Several other things had shocked him very much in England, and among them were the baby-farming and breach-of-promise cases which so frequently appeared in the papers. All these things were a fearful disgrace to any country. There were, however, many noble charitable and benevolent institutions in England to counteract these evil influences, of which Englishmen might well be proud; and there was another institution on which he had always looked with delight, and that was the English home. There could be nothing on earth so sweet as a happy English home. Another matter which struck him was the strength of public opinion in England. The English people were to be congratulated on this great blessing. He hoped that they would soon have it in India, for they daily felt the want of it. Passing from the social to the religious life of England, he said that English—he might say Western—Christianity was too sectarian for him—it was not large enough or broad enough. Their houses for the body were small, and he was afraid their houses for the soul were smaller still. English Christianity was also too muscular and hard, and was more materialistic than spiritualistic. The Baboo then proceeded to expound at some length his own conceptions of what Christianity ought to be, and concluded by heartily thanking the English people for the manner in which he had been received by them, from her Majesty down to the poorest classes of her subjects. He had always, he said, been a loyal subject of the Queen; but since his interview with her Majesty he had a higher opinion of her than ever.

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.—Professor Huxley, as president of the British Association, opened the Liverpool meeting, on Wednesday evening, by the delivery of a long and elaborate address. Without presuming to attempt a panoramic survey of the world of science, or to give a sketch of what is passing in the whole province of biology, the Professor endeavoured to place before his hearers the rise and progress of a single biological doctrine. With this object he discussed the vexed question of Spontaneous Generation, and concluded a brilliant and exhaustive abstract of his labours and investigations with the expression of a hope that the efforts of the association to encourage the researches into the phenomena of physical science might be crowned with a full measure of success.

FATAL ACCIDENT TO THE IRISH MAIL.—Between three and four o'clock on Wednesday morning a shocking accident took place near the Tanworth station on the Trent Valley Railway. The Irish mail-train ran off the line into the river Trent, and many of the passengers were precipitated into the water. It is supposed that there must have been a misplacement of the points, and that the train was thus thrown off the rails. The engine-driver, the fireman, and one passenger are reported to have lost their lives.

THE LOSS OF THE CAPTAIN.—One single ray of light shines through the gloom which the national loss of the Captain has thrown over the Naval Service and the whole nation, and that is the heroic conduct of her beloved and lamented

Commander. Calamity alone brings out true heroism, and it is at least a comfort to all of us to know that whenever such calamities happen there is always the heroism to bring out. Captain Hugh Burgoyne was on the bridge till the topsails of his ship were under water. In that moment of supreme danger his first care was for others—his last for himself. His men, one and all, were ready and eager to risk their lives to save him, but his last word of command to them was to bid them save themselves. This sublime self-forgetfulness probably cost this brilliant officer his life; but it has made his example one which will long becherished among the glorious records of the British Navy. "Greater love hath no man than this." It cannot be necessary to point out that our gallant sailors who have met their death in this disaster have families dependent on them, and have now left those families as a legacy to their country. They have as truly died in their country's service as though the Captain had been sunk in a naval engagement, or they had been shot down upon her decks. There is less excitement, less glory, in a death incurred in the perpetual strife of human skill and courage against the blind forces of Nature; but such a death is as honourable as though it had happened in the strife of man with man. So long as our empire is an empire of the sea, it will only be maintained by perpetual conflict, and therefore by perpetual sacrifice; and the gallant men who take their lives in their hands to maintain that conflict must always be assured that if they fall their families will not be left uncared for. It is difficult to conceive the wide-spread ruin such a calamity as the loss of 500 men involves. It is not merely so many families plunged into mourning; but a large part of those families are actually deprived of their living. Widowed mothers and decrepit fathers; wives and children, brothers and sisters, whose living was earned by a gallant son, or brother, or father, on board the Captain, heard of her loss not as a bereavement only, but as the loss of their all. They may, however, be safely left to the public care. It only needs that the public should be reminded of them, and there can be no doubt that those who are so nobly helping the wounded abroad will spare some of their charity as soon as they know that there are these sufferers at home who equally need and equally deserve their aid.—Daily News.

THE POLICE AND THE PUBLIC.—Some serious allegations were made against the police in a case which came before Mr. Knox at Marlborough-street on Wednesday. A horse-dealer named Cotterell was charged with being drunk and furiously driving in Regent-street. Several witnesses were called, who maintained that the defendant was sober, and two of them complained that on going to the station they were treated with great rudeness. One of the witnesses stated that the police said the defendant was a "welsker." The witness denied it, and, on taking out his book to take the numbers of the police, he was charged with being a betting man, and was knocked about in a brutal manner. Mr. Knox commented upon the grave nature of the case, and remanded it till Saturday. This witness was afterwards charged with assaulting the police; and the other witnesses in the previous case gave evidence that a most brutal and unprovoked assault had been committed on him by the police. Mr. Knox said he had decided to dispose of the two cases at once; and, as he disbelieved the evidence for the defence, he fined the defendant in the previous case 20s.; and the defendant in this case £5, or a month, leaving them to clear their characters, if they thought proper, by indicting the constables for perjury.

OMNIBUS "NURSING."—Several persons in the employment of the London General Omnibus Company were, on Wednesday, committed for trial, from the Worship-street Police Court, on a charge of having conspired to interfere with the business of an omnibus proprietor named Finch. The defendants were admitted to bail.

WORKING MEN'S INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, AGRICULTURAL HALL.—On Monday, the 19th, and Thursday, the 22nd, the council have most judiciously arranged for performances of national melodies, with band of harps, choir of 200 voices; and solo performers, vocal and instrumental. At these concerts the most popular and interesting songs and ballads will be introduced. The harp performers are selected from the few most excellent artists in that particular branch of the musical profession, and will include the names of John Cheshire, Compton, Adolphus Lockwood and Ernest Lockwood, from the two Italian Opera Houses, and Harnack; also, among others, the well-known names of Mesdames Trust, Weippert, Poncione, and Holcome. The Gothic harps will be supplied by Mr. Holcombe, of Berners-street. The motto for these concerts is peculiarly applicable to the crowds who will most likely attend them. "He who hath the making of the ballads of a people doth more for them than they who have the making of their laws" (Montaigne).

## THE LONDON GAZETTE.

FRIDAY, SEPT. 9.

BANKRUPTS.—J. GUNN, Austinfriars, merchant—H. R. MATHW, Rood-lane, wine and spirit agent—D. THOMAS, Hammersmith, butcher—J. S. ARCHER, Northampton, hatter—W. BRIGGS, Upper Norwood—T. H. DEVEREUX, Stockton-on-Tees, outfitter—H. EDMUNDS, Abertillery, innkeeper—J. HESLON, Birmingham, wood-turner—S. KING, Moss-side, draper—J. H. MAYNARD, Cordill, grocer—T. ORGER, Hastings, servant—D. R. HAKES, Wilton, draper—J. SMITH, Blackburn, cotton-spinner—P. SMITH, Leeds, ironmonger—W. H. SUTHERLAND, Swansea, draper—J. SYKES, Stickney, wheelwright—J. L. WILLIAMS, Everton.

TUESDAY, SEPT. 13.

BANKRUPTS.—P. T. RINGLEY, Strand—G. BRADY, Barking, solicitor—J. CHEYNE, Chester, wine merchant—W. DONALD, Poultry, restaurant-keeper—W. GILLO and E. CHAPMAN, Finsbury-circus, merchants—J. C. BAKER, Liverpool, estate agent—W. BROWN, Liverpool, painter—F. D. BUTLER, Warley, captain, 9th Foot—M. CARTER, Hartlepool, builder—H. CHURCHILL, Deddington, attorney-at-law—J. GELDARD, Stoke-on-Trent, clothier—R. LEE, Liverpool, licensed victualler—W. LOCKE, Manchester, common brewer—W. E. MANNINGTON, Lewes, grocer—T. E. ROBERTS, Oswestry, limeburner.

SCOTCH SEQUESTRATIONS.—R. BURNS, jun., Glasgow, coachmaker—A. CLELAND, Main-street, Rutherglen, Lanarkshire, dairyman—J. COOPER, Lochgelly, Fife, baker—A. GIBSON, Stornoway, Ross-shire, fish-curer—T. HOOD, Strathplace, Leith-walk, Edinburgh, joiner—R. MILLER, Wishaw, Lanarkshire, saddler—J. A. MINTOSH, Leith, fish oil manufacturer—J. MOFFAT, Southerton grove, Inveresk, Edinburgh—A. ROBERTSON, Parkfield, New Some, Perthshire, farmer—W. SOMERVILLE, Glasgow, cotton spinner—J. STARR, Prospect-terrace, Edinburgh, grocer.

## CHAPMAN'S PATENT ENTIRE WHEAT FLOUR.

Containing, in perfect purity, without any chemical admixture, all the constituents of the finest Wheat. It is an invaluable Infants' Food, and a most nutritious Diet for Children and Invalids.

DR. ATTFIELD, Professor of Practical Chemistry to the Pharmaceutical Society:—"It is incomparably superior to Arrowroot, Corn Flour, and other forms of Starch."

Sold by Family Grocers, Druggists, &c., in 3d., 6d., and 1s. packets; or 3s. tins.

SOLE PROPRIETORS,

Orlando Jones and Co., 18, BILLITER-ST., LONDON.

MAKERS OF THE GOLD MEDAL

Rice Starch, THE STRONGEST AND PUREST MADE.



## COLMAN'S BRITISH CORN-FLLOUR, PREPARED FROM RICE.



The Staple food of more than Three Hundred Million (300,000,000) of People.

Is unequalled for BLANC-MANGE, CUSTARDS, PUDDINGS, CAKES, SOUPS, &c.

Is the most wholesome and easily digestible Food for Children and Invalids.

DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING BLANC-MANGE.

Take four ounces (or four full-sized table-spoonfuls) of the Flour, and one quart of milk, sweetened to the taste, then add a pinch of salt. Mix a portion of the milk (cold) with the Flour into a thin paste; then add the remainder hot, with a piece of lemon-peel or cinnamon. Boil gently for eight or ten minutes, well stirring in all the time; and (after taking out the peel) pour it into a mould to cool. Served with preserved fruit, jelly, &c.

"Rice-Flour is Corn-Flour, and I regard this preparation of Messrs. COLMAN'S as superior to anything of the kind now before the public."

"EDWIN LANKESTER, M.D., F.R.S., Medical Officer of Health, St. James's, Westminster, &c."

## COLMAN'S BRITISH CORN-FLLOUR

is to be obtained of all Grocers, Oilmen, and Druggists, in 1 lb.,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb., and  $\frac{1}{4}$  lb. packets.

## POLLACK, SCHMIDT, "LA SILENCIEUSE," 210, REGENT-ST. AND CO. LONDON, W.

THE ONLY REALLY SILENT LOCK-STITCH SEWING-MACHINE ON THE ROTATING HOOK

PRINCIPLE, WITH

PATENT HOOK AND NEEDLE GUARD,

which no other Machine possesses, not excepting the "Wheeler and Wilson."

Prospectuses and Samples sent free by post. Instructions gratis. Agents wanted.

## BRUSSELS CARPETS.

£6000 WORTH, BEST VALUE EVER OFFERED,

All at 2s. 11d. per yard,

AT WM. WAINE'S, 131 to 139, NEWINGTON-BUTTS.

## G A B R I E L'S

PREPARATIONS FOR THE TEETH. Sold by Chemists, Perfumers, and by the Manufacturers, Messrs. Gabriel, Dentists (Established 1815), 61, Ludgate-hill, City; and 56, Harley-street, W.

## ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Are you broken

in your rest by a sick child suffering with the pain of cutting teeth? Go at once to a Chemist and get a Bottle of Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. It will relieve the poor sufferer immediately; it is perfectly harmless; it produces natural quiet sleep, by relieving the child from pain, and the little cherub awakes "as bright as a button." It is very pleasant to take; it soothes the child, it softens the gums, allays all pain, relieves wind, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for dysentery and diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. Sold by all Medicine-Vendors, at 1s. 11d. per Bottle.

## FURNITURE.—SAMUEL WEBB and CO.

Dining-Room Suites, in Morocco, 14s. to 30s. Drawing-Room Suites, in Silk, &c., 15s. to 45s. Bed-Room Suites (superior), 8s. to 30s. Bedding of Every Description, at wholesale prices. 432 and 434, Oxford-street, London, W. Catalogues free.

## TO SUFFERERS from PARALYSIS,

RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, and LOSS of NERVOUS and PHYSICAL POWER.—The popular Treatise on Curative Electricity, by Mr. Harry Lobb, M.D., &c., can be obtained of Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co., or from the Author, 31, Sackville-street, Piccadilly. Price 1s. By post 1s. stamps. The larger work (dedicated by permission to Sir Charles Locock, Bart., M.D., Physician to the Queen), price 6s., can also be obtained as above.

## BILIOUS and LIVER COMPLAINTS,

Indigestion, Sick Headache, Loss of Appetite, Drowsiness, Giddiness, Spasms, and all Disorders of the Stomach and Bowels, are quickly removed by that well-known remedy, FRAMPTON'S PILLS OF HEALTH. Obtained through any Chemist or Medicine-Vender.

## COUGH.—PRICE'S BENZODYNE.

The Great Cure for Chronic Consumptive Cough, and all Wasting Diseases, Cholera, Blood-Spitting, &c. Sold by Chemists, 1s. 11d., 2s. 6d., per Bottle. London; 2, Lower Seymour-street, W.

## TOOTHACHE, HEADACHE, and

NEURALGIA.—HODGE'S SOZODONTA is the only certain Cure for Toothache (without touching the tooth). Headache and Neuralgia relieved immediately. To be had of all Chemists, from 1s. 11d.; or enclosing 15 stamps to London Depot, 4, Featherstone-buildings, Holborn.

## BILE and INDIGESTION, WIND,

Headache, Sickiness, Loss of Appetite, Torpid Liver, Costiveness, and Debility, entirely Cured, without Mercury, by DR. KING'S DANDELION and QUININE LIVER PILLS. Sold by all Chemists, at 1s. 11d., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. a Box.

## DINNEFORD'S FLUID MAGNESIA,

the Best Remedy for Acidity of the Stomach, Heartburn, Headache, Gout, and Indigestion; and as a mild aperient for delicate constitutions, Ladies, Children, and Infants. At 172, New Bond-street, London; and of all Chemists.

## QUININE.—The many and expensive forms

in which this well-known medicine is administered too often preclude its adoption as a general tonic. The success which has attended "Waters's Quinine Wine" arises from its careful preparation by the manufacturer. Each wine-glass full contains sufficient Quinine to make it an excellent restorative to the weak. It behoves the public to see that they have Waters's Quinine Wine; for the result of Chancery proceedings, a short time since, elicited the fact that one unprincipled imitator did not use Quinine in the manufacture of his wine. All Grocers sell Waters's Quinine Wine. WATERS and WILLIAMS, Original Makers, Worcester House, 4, Eastcheap, London. Agents: E. Lewis and Co., Worcester.

## LAMPLUGH'S PYRETIC SALINE.

Have it in your houses, for it is the only safe antidote in Fevers, Eruptive Affections, Sea or Bilious Sickness, and Headache. Sold by all Chemists; and the only Maker, H. Lamplugh, Chemist, 113, Holborn-hill, London.

## NO MORE MEDICINE.

70,000 Cures by DU BARRY'S DELICIOUS REVALENTA ARABICA FOOD, which eradicates Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Cough, Asthma, Consumption, Debility, Sleeplessness, Constipation, Flatulency, Phlegm, Low spirits, Diarrhoea, Acidity, Diabetes, Nausea and Vomiting, Wasting, Palpitation; Nervous, Bilious, and Liver Complaints.

Cure No. 68,413: "Rome.—The health of the Holy Father is excellent since he has taken Du Barry's Food, and his Holiness cannot praise this excellent food too highly." Du Barry and Co., 77, Regent-st., London, W.; and 163, William-st., New York. In Tins, at 1s. 11d.; 1 lb., 2s. 6d.; 12 lb., 22s.

Also, DU BARRY'S REVALENTA CHOCOLATE POWDER, 1 lb., 2s.; 1 lb., 3s. 6d.; 2 lb., 6s.; 12 lb., 30s.; 24 lb., 55s.

and DU BARRY'S PERFECTION OF PURE CHOCOLATE, 1 lb., 2s.; 1 lb., 3s., at all Grocers.

## HOLLOWAY'S PILLS should be taken

in occasional and moderate doses during the autumn and fruit season, when the stomach, liver, and bowels are very liable to derangements. An attentive study of Holloway's instructions makes every man his own medical adviser.

## HAIR DYE.—BACHELOR'S

INSTANTANEOUS COLUMBIAN, New York Original. Packets, the best in the world, black or brown. The only one that remedies the evil effects of bad dyes. 4s. 6d., 7s., and 14s. of all Perfumers and Chemists. Wholesale, R. HOVENDEN and SONS, 5, Gt. Marlborough-st.; and 93 and 95, City-rd., E.C.

## GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICE.

GROVER and BAKER'S DOUBLE-LOCK and ELASTIC-STITCH SEWING-MACHINES, long acknowledged as THE BEST.

are now also THE CHEAPEST. Grover and Baker, 150, Regent-street, London, W.; 50, Bold-street, Liverpool. Every Machine Guaranteed. Instruction gratis. Illustrated Prospectus and Samples of Work sent post-free.



## WORK BASKETS.



LINED QUILTED SILK IN ALL COLOURS.

WITHOUT INSTRUMENTS. 8s., 10s., 11s. 6d., 12s. 6d., 14s. 6d., 16s., &c. FITTED COMPLETE. 12s., 15s., 17s. 6d., 19s. 6d., 20s., 22s. 6d., &c.

## ASSER and SHERWIN,

81, STRAND, W.C.; AND 69, OXFORD-STREET, W. Illustrated Catalogue post free.



Urgent.—SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1870.